THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
At Ebensburg, Pa., by H. A. McPike.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,068
AND STILL A BOOMING. MATCH IT?

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

VOLUME XIV. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1880. NUMBER 34.

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The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

CHEAP!

CHEAPEST!

GEO. HUNTLEY
HAS NOW ON HAND THE
LARGEST, BEST AND MOST VARIED
STOCK OF
Hardware!
Stoves, Tinware,
HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS
...this can be found in any one establishment in Pennsylvania. His stock comprises
PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES
of various styles and patterns;
Builders' Hardware
of every description and of best quality;
CARPENTERS' TOOLS!
...kind and the best in the market. Also, a large stock of
TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY,
Shears, Spectacles, Silver-Plated Ware, Wood and Willow Ware, Wall Paper, Trunks and Valises, Revolvers, Axes, Vises, Horse Shoes, Bar Iron, Rail Road Spikes, Nails, Carriage Bolts, Rivets, Mill Saws, Grindstones, Steel Shovels, Manure Hooks, Road Scoops;
Mowing Machines, Horse Hay Rakes, Horse Hay Forks, Rope and Pulleys, Corn Cultivators, and a full line of Harvesting Tools. Also, a large assortment of
Table, Floor and Stair Oil Cloths,
Carriage Oil Cloth,
...AND OIL CLOTH WINDOW SHADING ...SHADE FIXTURES; LUCKENBACH'S ASHTON ...is the best in the world for Dairy and Table ...use; WOOL SCALES, the cheapest and ...leading Live Stock; LAND PLASTER; ...also Carriage PAINTS, of the best quality; ...GLASS PATENT SAFETY LAMPS, which ...be extolled; CHILDREN'S WAGONS AND ...the largest stock of MILK CROCKS of ...sizes and styles and of superior ware ever offered in this neighborhood; a full line of PAINT ...COLORS of the most desirable quality; WINDOW GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, TURPENTINE, VARNISHES, &c., together with a large and complete stock of other
SNUFFS, TOBACCO AND SEGARS,
...in thousands of other useful and needful articles. In fact, anything I haven't got or can't get you will be of no worth buying, and what I have to say always to be relied on as ...ly low, and they will invariably be
...AT BOTTOM PRICES!
...dealing and nearly ...years' experience in the sale of goods in my line, I am enabled to ...business with the very best in the market, and to sell goods at ...prices. I would ...that the best is always ...and that it never pays to buy an ...article because the price is low, as it ...that such goods are always ...in the end.
GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, April 15, 1870.

...Johnston, M. J. Buck, ...A. Shoemaker, A. W. Buck.
JOHNSTON, SHOEMAKER & BUCK,
BANKERS,
EBENSBURG, Pa.

MONEY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT,
PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.
COLLECTIONS MADE
...AT ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.
DRAFTS on the PRINCIPAL CITIES
Bought and Sold, and a
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
TRANSACTED.
Accounts Solicited.
A. W. BUCK, Cashier
Ebensburg, March 19, 1880.-tf.

INCORPORATED IN 1857.
STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN.
PROTECTION MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY
OF EBENSBURG, PA.
Risks Notes now in force - $123,000.
Only Five Assessments in 22 Years.
NO STEAM MILLS TAKEN.
Good FARM PROPERTIES
ESPECIALLY DESIRED.
GEO. M. READE, President.
...W. DICK, Secretary.
Ebensburg, April 30, 1880 -1y.

REIDHOFF'S BLOCK,
HIGH STREET.

CARL RIVINIUS,
Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler
EBENSBURG, PA.,
...always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, ...to be offered for sale at lower prices than ...matter in the county. Persons needing ...in his line will do well to give him a call ...examining elsewhere.
...special attention paid to repairing Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed in work and price.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
EBENSBURG, PA.
...Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
and other First Class Companies.
Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1876.-1y.*

W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. ...'s new building, Centre street. All manner of business attended to satisfactorily, and with promptness especially. [10-14.-tf.]

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS.

HAY BROTHERS
Manufacturers,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
-OF-
TIN, COPPER,
-AND-
Sheet Iron Wares
AND DEALERS IN
HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING
STOVES,
SHEET METALS,
-AND-
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.
Jobbing in
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

B. J. LYNCH,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
HOME AND CITY MADE
FURNITURE!
PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,
LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS,
TABLES, CHAIRS,
Mattresses, &c.
1605 ELEVENTH AVENUE,
Between 16th and 17th Sts.,
Altoona, Penn'a.
☞ Citizens of Cambria county and all others wishing to purchase honest FURNITURE, &c., at honest prices are respectfully invited to give me a call before buying elsewhere, as I am confident that I can meet every want and please every taste. Prices the very lowest. B. J. LYNCH.
Altoona, April 16, 1880.-tf.

H. H. HENCH,
DEALER IN STRICTLY PURE
WHITE LEAD, LINSEED OIL,
MIXED PAINTS Ready for Use,
VARNISH, SP. TURPENTINE, CALCIMINE,
PUTTY, WHITE GLUE,
Varnish and Paint Brushes,
AND A FULL LINE OF
FINE COLORS GROUND IN OIL,
Cheaper than anywhere else in the city.
HENCH, THE PAINTER,
13th Avenue and 16th Street,
[5-1.] ALTOONA, PA. [6m.]

McNEVIN & YEAGER,
—MANUFACTURERS OF—
Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron WARE,
—AND DEALERS IN—
COOKING & HEATING STOVES,
RANGES, FURNACES, &c.,
1108 Eleventh Avenue, . Altoona, Pa.
One Door West of Opera House.
ROOFING AND SPOUTING
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
REPAIRS FOR STOVES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Altoona, Oct. 10, 1879.-tf.

FRUIT CANS!
FRUIT CANS!
I am now prepared to furnish all who want to buy with good,
FIRST CLASS FRUIT CANS,
—MADE OF THE—
VERY BEST QUALITY CHARCOAL TIN.
☞ Don't be humbugged with cheap penitentiary-made cans when by paying a little more you can get good home-made cans worth double the money. Persons wishing the cheap cans, the same as are sold at other places for 60 cents per dozen, can get them from me for 50 cents per dozen.
GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, July 16, 1880.-3m.

CIDER MILLS.
I HAVE THE AGENCY FOR THE
Best Cider Mill
IN THE COUNTRY,
And any person wishing to purchase one this Fall will consult his own interests by calling at my store, examining samples on exhibition, and leaving his
ORDER EARLY IN THE SEASON,
So that there will be no delay in supplying all in due time with this *no plus ultra* Cider Mill.
GEO. HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, Aug. 6, 1880.-3m.

WM. H. SECHLER, *Attorney at Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row, (recently occupied by Wm. Kittell, Esq.,) Centre street [11-21.'78.-tf.]

WANAMAKER & BROWN.

HOW TO GET Clothing under Price.

If we could sell a little more of this and a little less of that, we could make things come out even—the last man that came in would carry off the last suit; but we can't. Out of every stock there are a great many sizes left when some are gone. The best we can do with these incomplete assortments is to mark them low enough to set a great many people looking among them for bargains.

This we do every day at this time of year; and just now we have enough of such to stock a little store.

Besides, odd parts of suits get left—coats, vests and trousers. We have a room in which there is nothing else. There is in that room cheaper clothing than you have any notion of. We call it the Bargain-Room.

These marked-down suits and garments are of all sorts; they may be among the best in the store.

We force a continual clearance of such articles as would only embarrass us; and keep our stocks always fresh and full.

Wanamaker & Brown,
Oak Hall, Sixth and Market,
Philadelphia.

HOW TO GET almost Everything.

Do you know how to get in the easiest way and to best advantage what you want for dress and house-furnishing?

First, how: Write for a catalogue; see what you can learn from it about the things you want. If samples can be useful to you, ask for them and state your wants so plainly that exactly the right samples can be sent.

Second, where: The place where goods are kept in the greatest variety; where they are sold for what they really are in respect to quality; where prices are lowest; where most care is taken to serve customers acceptably; and where you have the right to return whatever is not satisfactory.

There—no matter where you are—if you make your wants known and avail yourself of your privileges, you will get the best things in the best way, promptly and without trouble or risk; sometimes by mail, sometimes by express, almost always at less cost for carriage than the money you save in the price.

John Wanamaker,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Chestnut, Thirteenth, Market and Juniper.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of MARGARET MCMULLEN, dec'd. Letters testamentary on the estate of Margaret McMullen, late of Clearfield township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment, and those having claims against the estate will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
CORNELIUS MORRIS, Executor.
Clearfield Twp., Aug. 20, 1880.-5t.

CAUTION NOTICE.—All persons are hereby notified that I have purchased the entire interest of John Ifell, Sr., in the hay, wheat, oats, corn, potatoes and apples on the farm of his son, Francis Ifell, in Munster township, and that any parties meddling or in any way interfering with such portion of said produce will be proceeded against according to law.
WILLIAM O'HARA.
Munster Twp., Sept. 2, 1880.-3t.

FOR SALE.—A HOUSE and LOT in the West ward of Ebensburg borough, known as the Clark property and occupied by Mr. Fred'k Grief, will be sold cheap and on easy payments. There is a good stable and necessary outbuildings on the premises. Apply to A. W. BUCK.
Ebensburg, Aug. 27, 1880.-tf.

WINFIELD AND GARFIELD.

I.

Garfield's fighting days were few,
Oo! Oo! Garfield.
Winfield fought the struggle through,
Hurrah! Winfield.

Garfield's sword was useless steel,
For his might lay in his heel,
Oo! Oo! Garfield.
Winfield waved his sword on high,
Fought and dared to do or die,
Hurrah! Winfield.

Garfield saw the advancing foe,
Got his furlough quick to go,
Frightened back to Ohio.
Oo! Oo! Garfield.
Winfield's heart had no recoil,
Fighting was his native toil,
And his blood is in the soil,
Hurrah! Winfield.

Garfield's fame is quickly sung,
E'en his party friends among;
Weak in heart, but loud of lung,
All his soul is in his tongue.
Oo! Oo! Garfield.
Winfield's fame is a nobler thing,
Friends and foes unite to sing,
North and South their laurels bring,
East and West with echoes ring,
Hurrah! Winfield.

II.

Garfield fought when war was o'er,
Oo! Oo! Garfield.
Winfield waved his sword no more,
Hurrah! Winfield.

Garfield o'er a fallen South
Swaggered with a bitter mouth,
Oo! Oo! Garfield.
Winfield's patriotic pen
Treated all like level men.
Hurrah! Winfield.

Garfield, when the fight was done,
Danger o'er and peace was won,
Falstaffed much in Washington.
Oo! Oo! Garfield.
Winfield, in the nation's cause,
Made the patriot soldier pause
Before his country's deathless laws.
Hurrah! Winfield.

Garfield spent his livelong day
Spouting for polluted pay,
From—Oh! shame it is to say—
De Golyer and Mobilier.
Oo! Oo! Garfield.
Winfield, with his post content,
Simply to his duty went;
So the man and hero blent
In our twentieth President,
Hurrah! Winfield. —*N. Y. World.*

A WONDERFUL STORY OF KNOCK.

HOW A NEW YORKER WAS MIRACULOUSLY CURED OF A PAINFUL LUMBAGO.

The New York *Sun* of the 7th inst. relates the following strange story of a number of remarkable cures resulting from visits made to the world-renowned Chapel of Knock, in the County Mayo, Ireland:

Mr. William Geoghegan, well known to the inhabitants of the Thirteenth Ward, and, indeed, to a great many New Yorkers, arrived home a few days ago from a visit to his native country, Ireland. Mr. Geoghegan felt that his journey would be incomplete unless he made a pilgrimage to the famous Knock chapel, the scene of the remarkable apparition of a year ago. Of his journey there and what he saw and experienced he last evening told in his saloon, at Grand and Cannon streets.

"I visited Knock chapel," said Mr. Geoghegan, "on the 6th of August last, a little less than a year after the wonderful apparition. I went in company with the Rev. Father Corbett, of Claremorris. The village of Knock, as you know, of course, is in County Mayo, and in the barony of Costello. 'Knock' in Gaelic means 'a hill,' and the village is rightly named, for it is surrounded by eleven little hills. We drove down from Claremorris in a jaunting car. After a drive through the rain we reached the church. All along the road we had passed pilgrims bound for the same destination as ourselves. When we reached the church I was surprised at the number of persons who surrounded it, many of them kneeling in the mud and water, with their faces on the ground, devoutly praying to God and the Blessed Mother that their pains might be taken from them. I confess that I was skeptical when I set out for Knock. I was a Catholic, to be sure, and meant to be a good Catholic, too, but my credulity was pretty severely taxed by the accounts of the miracles I had heard. But when I saw that church and the surrounding worshippers, a feeling of reverential awe stole over me.

"I saw," continued Mr. Geoghegan, "a humble church, with no claim to architectural beauty. It was built of gray stone, in the shape of a cross, or of a letter T. The body of the church is about 60 feet long, the cross portion perhaps 50 feet long. It was on the southern gable of the church that the apparition appeared. You remember what the apparition was? No? Well, on the 21st of August of last year, which was the eve of the octave day of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a remarkable appearance was seen at 7½ in the evening. It was a gloomy, rainy evening, without a particle of sunshine. The best accounts say that some persons hurrying along the road which leads to the chapel saw the wall beautifully illuminated by a soft light, amid which stars shone. Other persons came up and stopped and looked. These saw on the gable end of the church in this light an altar, and by it figures of the Blessed Virgin, St. John the Evangelist, and St. Joseph. On the altar was a lamb standing, and behind it a crucifix with the figure of the Lord Jesus Christ upon it. All around the altar was a golden light. These figures were visible until 10 o'clock that evening, and twenty persons saw them, and afterward before a committee of clergymen testified to the facts as I have told them. Subsequently many cures were accomplished by the application of cement taken from the chapel walls. I should have said that over the gray stone of which the church is built is, or was, a firm coating of cement to protect it from the beating storms that abound in that region. But now the cement has disappeared in great pieces, taken away by the pious pilgrims.

"We drove first to the dwelling of the Very Rev. Archdeacon Bartholemew A. Cavanagh, the priest of the parish of Knock, who accompanied us to the church. He is a man of 50 years, perhaps, tall and slender, with a fine face in which is devoutness and unassuming piety—a man you would trust and believe. Guided by him we made our way through the throng that pressed up in front of the shrine. Against the wall where the vision appeared there now stands a statue of the Blessed Virgin covered by a canopy. This is the shrine. The end of the gable is all boarded up to keep the people who come there from pulling off the cement. And now I stood before the shrine of our Lady of Knock. I knelt on the damp ground and prayed that my pains might be taken from me. For two years and more I had been a great sufferer from lumbago. I had such pains in my back that I could not sleep unless propped up by pillows. Why, I have stood behind the bar here and almost cried out with the great pain. I was still suffering when I went to Knock. It was with difficulty by the aid of a chair that I got on the seat of the car, and Father Corbett had to help me to get down. When I arose from my knees in front of the shrine I felt better. I then went inside of the church and again knelt and said more prayers, such as Father Cavanagh suggested. Inside of that church the Rosary is continually chanted from 4 in the afternoon until 11 o'clock at night, and a few weeks before I was there it was chanted continually night and day. When I came out of church I felt like a new man, and was able to jump up to the seat of the car without aid, nor have I felt the pain since. I am cured. This is a fact that I am telling you. Father Cavanagh gave me some of the cement, and also some wood from the window in the gable where the apparition appeared. I used both according to his directions, in connection with the prayers I said. The usual way to use the cement is to mix it with holy water and bind it on the diseased spot. Here is some of the wood."

Mr. Geoghegan took from behind the bar a paper in which were a few bits of soft wood, that seemed to be the moulding from a window casing. They were painted a dirty white, except, of course, on the ends, where they had been sawed into small pieces.

"I have given several of the bits away," continued Mr. Geoghegan. "I stayed in Knock two days. A very comfortable hotel has been built for the accommodation of the many pilgrims that flock there from all parts of the country and from other countries. They have left behind them proofs of the healing power of the cement in a pile of sticks and crutches on which they hobbled to the chapel, and which they abandoned when they went away cured. While I was there Father Cavanagh showed me a letter written by the Nun of Kenmare to the Rev. U. J. Canon Bourke, the great Irish scholar. In this letter the Nun wrote that she had been an invalid for many years, confined to her bed much of the time, but that she had been cured by the cement and the Blessed Mother. She wrote that she hoped that she did not offend God by taking out of His hands the punishment that He had seen fit to lay upon her. There is no collection taken there, but a box stands by the shrine with the words 'For our Lady Knock' on it. In this the visitor may drop his offering. There is no compulsion. Any gift is received, from a penny to a pound, and no one knows what you give. The money goes to repairing the church, which suffers continually from the pilgrims that constantly visit it."

"Do you know, from personal experience, of any cures besides your own?"

"I do," said Mr. Geoghegan. "There is Robert Murray, the son of the widow, Eliza Murray, who keeps that well-known inn, 'The Three Jolly Pigeons,' at Auburn, three miles from Ballymahon, in county Longford. Goldsmith speaks of the inn in his 'Deserted Village.' I knew Robert when he was a boy. He had a crooked leg, and walked with a crutch and a cane, his crooked leg twisted around the crutch. For fifteen years he was lame, until he went to Knock chapel, and came away cured, leaving his crutch behind him. Another cure was that of the son of Matthew Lovett, a native of Ballymahon. The boy had a running sore on his neck, apparently incurable. He went to Knock, bound on the cement, and I myself saw him with his neck as dry and well as the back of my hand. Then I saw a young man in Empar, county Westmeath, who, when 7 years old, fell from a house, and suffered for fourteen years with an enlargement of the hip joint that made him a cripple. He was carried to the Knock church, and a bit of the cement was bound on the hip. While in the church praying he began to suffer great agony. He was carried to the car, and on the way home suffered intensely—so much so that his friends feared he would die. When they took him from the ass cart in which he was riding, a lump 'as big as a turnip,' as they express it, came out where the cement was bound, and burst. The pain ceased, and to-day the young man is cured and walks without crutches.

"I know of these cases by personal observation, and these are all I do know, in that way. There are many other cases that I am satisfied are bona fide cures, but they come to me second hand, and perhaps you don't care for them. I saw the shoe of a boy who, when he went to the church, had a club foot, the toes being turned in toward the other leg, you know. When he went away his foot was as straight as the other one. Father Cavanagh keeps a list of the cured, and it contains many wonderful cases. You ought to go out there and see for yourself."

HOME AND COUNTRY.—The other night, soon after a ward meeting had opened, one of the electors present began edging for the door, as if he meant to leave the place. He was soon stopped by a friend, who said:

"Don't leave us now. I want you to hear what that speaker is saying. Hear that? He says we must triumph or the country is doomed."

"Yes, I know, but I've got to edge along towards home," was the reply.

"Home! Great heavens, how can you talk of going home until he has finished that speech? There he goes again! He asks if you want to see grass growing in the streets of our cities—our fertile farms returned to the wilderness—our families crowding the poorhouses until there is no longer room to receive another?"

"No, I don't know as I would, but I guess I'll sort o' work my way out."

"Wait fifteen minutes—ten—five—wait until he finishes. There it is again. He asks whether you are a freeman or a slave. He wants to know if you have forgotten the patriotic principles defended by the blood of your grandsires—if you have forgotten the sound of liberty bell?"

"I don't know as I have, but I must go—really I must."

"Hear that! Hear that! He says your country will bless you."

"I can't say as to that," replied the man, as he crowded along, "but I'm dead sure that the old woman will if I don't git home in time to put this codfish to soak for breakfast."

"Great guns! but do you prefer codfish to liberty?" exclaimed the other.

"I don't know as I do, but I git more of it."

"And you'd see this country ruined—see her go to destruction?"

"I'd be kinder sorry to see her go down hill," slowly observed the delinquent, as he reached the door, "but if you had a wife who could begin jawing at ten o'clock and not lose a minute until daylight, and then end up with a grand smash of crockery and a fit of hysterics, you'd kinder stand off as I do and let this glorious old Republic squeeze through some mighty fine knot holes."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A RAT'S FIGHT WITH A SNAKE.—On Lindsay Point, Cal., a rat sitting on the shore saw a snake of unusual size coiled upon a little point of mud just above the water sunning itself, and probably asleep. The rat jumped upon the folds of the serpent's body. The snake struck instantly, fastening its fangs between the rat's shoulders. Then began a contest that was truly thrilling. The rat, struggling violently, attempted to shake itself free, while the snake as persistently endeavored to drag the head of the victim in its own mouth. This feat it was at first unable to accomplish. The rat was game, and as it writhed in its convulsive efforts to escape, bit the big snake severely in the neck just back of the head, until the blood flowed and mixed with its own.

These counter attacks became at last so savagely painful that the snake loosened its grip, remaining, however, in half coil. But the respite was too brief to afford the rat its opportunity to escape, for again the snake's fierce jaws descended and closed, this time around the rat's head. The heavy body of the rat still swayed violently, but dragged with it the head of the snake, until the latter was thrown completely out of coil. By this time, however, the rat's struggles had grown comparatively faint, and the snake was apparently the victor. But the next moment the snake in its turn began to struggle violently as if to release its adversary's head, but ineffectually, and the reason became soon apparent. The rat had bitten quite through the snake's throat, and its sharp teeth could be distinctly seen in the narrow slit they made. The writhings of the snake were now intense. It lashed the ground with its tail, and raised its thick folds to almost half its length from the ground, and with one convulsive effort threw its length into the muddy water, and the twain sank together.

WHERE PICKLES COME FROM.—Cucumbers for pickles are raised extensively in West Chester county, New York. They are gathered from the vines every day and hauled to dealers in the neighborhood, who store them in immense vats of brine; often placing among them plates of copper, to impart their green color so much adjured by housekeepers. From these vats they are shipped to New York city, where they are pickled with vinegar. The labor of gathering and counting the pickles is quite severe. The price is only $1 per thousand, but as farmers frequently gather 150,000 from an acre, the crop is considered a profitable one.

WHY should the nose occupy its present place if it was not made for a scenter?

"WIPED OUT."

A THRILLING STORY OF A STAMPEDE OF BUFFALOES—TEN THOUSAND ACRES MOVING.

What is that?

Look closer and you will see that it is a gaunt, grim wolf, creeping out of the little grove of cotton woods towards a buffalo calf gamboling around its mother.

Raise your eye a little more and you will see that the prairie beyond is alive with buffalo. Count them. You might as well try to count the leaves on a giant maple! They are moving foot by foot as they crop the juicy grass, and living waves rise and fall as the herd slowly sweep on. Afar out to the right—mere specks on the plain—are the flankers; brave old buffaloes, which catch a bite of grass and then sniff the air and scan the horizon for intimation of danger. They are the sentinels of the herd, and right well they can be trusted.

The wolf creeps nearer!

All the afternoon the great herd has fed in peace, and as it now slowly moves toward the distant river it is all unconscious that danger is near. Look you well and watch the wolf, for you are going to see a sight such as not one man in ten thousand has ever beheld.

Creep, crawl, skulk—now behind a knoll, now drawing himself over the grass, now raising his head above a thistle to mark the locality of its victim. It is a lone, shambling, skulking wolf, lame and spiteful and treacherous. Wounding or ailing, he has been left alone to get on as best he may, and his green eyes light up with fiercer blaze as he draws nearer and nearer his unconscious prey.

There! No, he is yet too far away. Creep, creep, creep. Now he is twenty feet away, now fifteen, now ten. He hugs the earth, gathers his feet under him and he bounds through the air as if shot from a gun. He is rolling the calf over and over on the grass in three seconds after he springs.

Now watch!

A cry of pain from the calf—a furious bellow from the mother as she wheels and charges the wolf—a startled movement from a dozen of the nearest animals, and the rush begins. The one wolf is magnified into a hundred, the hundred into a thousand.—Short, sharp bellows, snorts of alarm, a rush, and fifty seconds after the wolf has wet his fangs with blood that living mass is in motion to get away from an unknown terror. The waves rise higher as the confusion spreads. One instant it seems as if 10,000 solid acres of prairie were moving bodily away—again waves rise and fall as the cowards behind rush upon those in front who wait to sniff the air and learn the danger. In one minute the alarm runs down the herd to the leaders—further than the eye can see—and the entire herd is going off at a mad gallop, heads down, eyes rolling and no thought but that of escape. If Lake Erie were to dash itself against a wall the shock would be no greater than the awful crash with which this mass of rattling hoofs, sharp horns and hairy bodies would meet it. The clatter of hoofs and rattle of horns would drown the noise of a brigade of cavalry galloping over a stone-paved road.

Ride out on their trail. Here, where the stampede began, the ground is torn and furrowed as if a thousand cannon had been firing solid shot at targets. Here and there are calves which have been gored and crushed—here and there older animals with legs broken and disabling wounds. Here, where the herd was fairly off, you might as well hunt for a gold dollar as a blade of grass. You look for three miles as you look across it. It is a trail of dirt and dust and ruts and furrows, where half an hour ago there was a carpet of green grass and smiling flowers. The most dreadful cyclone known to man could not have left more horrible scars behind.

Miles away, on the banks of the winding, growing river, are three white-topped emigrant wagons. A camp-fire blazes up to boil the kettle—men, women and children stand about, peering over the setting sun at the distant mountains and glad that their journey is almost done. Butterflies come and go on lazy wing, the cricket chirps cheerily on the grass and the eagles sailing in the blue evening air have no warning to give.

Hark! Is that thunder?

Men and women turn in their tracks as they look in vain for a cloud in the sky. That rumble comes again as they look into each other's faces. It grows louder as women turn pale and men reach for their trusty rifles. The ground trembles, and afar off comes a din which strikes terror to the heart. "Indians!" they whisper. No! A thousand times better for them if savage Pawnees dared ride down where these long-barreled rifles could speak a defense of the peaceful camp.

"A stampede of buffaloes!" gasps one of the men as he catches sight of the advance guard under the awful cloud of dust. Rifles are ready for a shot, and the children climb up on the heavy wagon wheels to see the strange procession gallop by.

Here they come! Crack! crack! crack! from three rifles, and a shout as each bullet tells. Next instant a shaggy head, followed by a dust-browned body, rushes through the camp. Then another and another. The men shout and wave their arms; the women and children turn paler yet.

The roar and din shut out every other sound and the wagons jar and tremble with the concussion. Now another shaggy head—another—half a dozen—a score—a hundred—a great living wave which sweeps along with the power of a tornado, followed by others more fierce and strong, and the camp is blotted off the face of the earth more completely than by any power of heaven. Nothing to be seen—no shout to be heard. Wave followed wave across the spot—over the bank—into the stream and across, and when the last of the herd had passed the keenest hunter can find nothing on that spot of wood, or iron, or cloth, or bone, or flesh to prove that a dozen men, women and children were there wiped out of existence and reduced to shred and dust.—*Detroit Free Press.*

CAN THIS BE TRUE?—A woman at Carson, Nevada, is said to have undertaken to refrain from speaking for forty days. The report runs as follows: She began at nine in the morning, and at ten and a quarter her pulse was so feeble from exhaustion that the physicians feared she would die by noon. At eleven her heart beat but twenty-six a minute, and her respirations were hardly noticeable. Her friends here urged her to discontinue her terrible task, and told her some gossip about a neighbor. On hearing it she immediately rushed from the house, and going across the street met a lady friend and talked to six and a half last night, and is now fully restored.

A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow—
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you,
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone,
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a loving brother's eyes,
Share them. And, by sharing,
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest-giver,
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

AN ABANDONED PARTY.

SOME HISTORY FOR YOUNG MEN TO CONSIDER.

A man by the name of Hay, in a bloviating, bloody shirt harangue at Cleveland, Ohio, recently, appealed to young men to investigate the history of the Republican party. The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* thus comments upon his advice:

"The first thing that the young man will stumble upon will be the fact that many of the worthies of whom Colonel Hay says their deeds stand out in the record "like burning stars" were Democrats when the war broke out. General Hancock was a Democrat, so was Grant, so was Edwin M. Stanton, so was McClellan, Meade, Hooker, Butler, Sheridan, and in fact more than half the officers of the Union army and of the advisers and counselors of the President. The young man in pursuit of information will also, if he pursues his investigation fairly, come upon the fact that the Democratic party furnished as many of the rank and file of the Union army as the Republican party did, in that it furnished as many money. We have further to call the young man's attention to the fact that the record of the Republican party as a distinct political organization begins at the close of the war and not at its beginning. The young political student will ascertain that when the war was ended the Republican party entered upon a career of infamy that speedily became so bad that the illustrious men of whom Colonel Hay rightfully observes their record "stands out like burning stars," most of them were obliged to leave the party because of its vileness. Of the cabinet of Abraham Lincoln, including such men as Seward and Chase, every one of them except Stanton left the Republican party and became Democrats. Charles Sumner, too, was one of these illustrious men, and he, too, was forced to abandon the Republican party on account of its iniquity. So, too, was Horace Greely, and in fact almost all the men whose names shine like "burning stars." But when our young man continues his investigation into the record of the Republican party in the last ten years of its history, he will be appalled. Its pages are blotted all over with the black story of fraud, corruption, bribery, rings, and general iniquity. He will read of the Credit Mobilier and how corruption entered into the Legislature; how a Republican Vice President sold himself to a villainous corporation and was swindling the Government; how Republican Senators and Representatives in like manner sold themselves for a price; how corruption ran riot and scandals dragged down the reputation of the nation's law-makers in the mud and ruined our politics a bias and by-word among all honest men. The administration of Grant, with its offensive record of rings and favoritism and nepotism, its Leets, its Babcock, its Whisky Ring scandals in which the Republican party were mixed up, will give the young student food for a good deal of reflection. Let him go over it carefully. Let him contemplate the operations of the District ring, which plundered, by the million, and then let him reflect that he is called upon to vote for a man who left the army in the midst of a raging war to come home, go into politics, go to Washington, get mixed up in the Credit Mobilier affair, become *particeps criminis* in the District Ring's plundering and finally aid in stealing the Presidency by a wholesale course of bribery and perjury. We hope the young man will take Colonel Hay's advice and look up the record of the Republican party. It is rather an interesting study and will do the young man good. After he has investigated, we have no fears that he will vote for Mr. Garfield.

THE CAN-CAN CRAZE.—There is a limit beyond which the housewife who was eagerly plunged into the canning and preserving season cannot go. There are only 1,500 known methods of putting up peaches. It may take her some time to get to the last one, but she'll reach it in time. The latest estimate places the number of fruit-jars on sale in this country at 30,000,000. No housewife can secure more than her proportion of these. After she has asked her husband seventy-eight consecutive times to "send up another dozen of those cans," there must come a lull. She may then demand her share of the crocks and jars and jelly-tumblers of this great and growing country, but winter is only three months away. By and by there must come an end to this asking for "another twenty pounds of that same kind of sugar." The stock on hand in this country will not allow any family to consume over five thousand pounds in putting up preserves. The woman who goes beyond that must do so at her own peril. While the average husband feels a thrill of exultation as he realizes that plums are played, he must not be plunged into despair to learn that peaches will go down to 50 cents before the last of the crop is in, and that pears were never known to be so plenty. No cellar can hold more than it can. After the jugs and jars and cans and pitchers are stacked from floor to joist, the wife has either got to lay off her big apron and quit or else rent space from the neighbors, and the chances will be that they will have none to spare. In two weeks more she'll have to give up on peaches and pears. Then she'll begin on tomato pickles and catsup, jump to cucumbers, slide off on apple-butter, work up a bushel of quinces, boil down a barrel of cider and then sit down and give up the unequal struggle. That is, she'll suddenly remember that every can and jar and jug must be lifted up or taken down and opened and heated over, and if perchance she finishes the job before spring the mince pie season will serve to keep the house stirred up. They were born that way and men must suffer and endure.—*Andrews' American Queen.*

A TRAGIC STORY RETOLD.

More than twenty years ago Niagara witnessed a tragedy which, while of a heartrending character, was marked by an act of true heroism seldom equaled in grandeur. Mr. Charles Addington, a young man about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, was affianced to Miss De Forrest, both belonging residents of Buffalo. One day a happy party comprising Mrs. De Forrest, a young daughter, Eva, a beautiful child five or six years old, and "Charley" Addington, as his friends were accustomed to call him, visited the Falls. The crossed the bridge to Goat Island, and, while resting under the trees, little Eva strayed away from the group, and approaching the bank of the narrow but deep and swift stream that rushes between Goat Island and the small islands laying between it and the main American rapids, was amusing herself by casting sticks into the water and watching them as they were whirled swiftly away. Mrs. De Forrest, alarmed for her child's safety, requested Charley Addington to go after her and bring her back. Charley at once proceeded to the bank, and, thinking to give the little one a fright, approached her stealthily from behind, and, catching her under the arms, held her over the stream. The startled child threw up her little arms over her head, and instantly she slipped through young Addington's hands and fell into the rapids.

The realization of the horrible calamity must have come to Addington's brain with the rapidity of the lightning's flash. He saw that his rash act had cost the child's life—that only one desperate chance of saving her remained—that the world was at an end for him forever. Tearing off his coat, he rushed along the bank until he had passed little Eva, who was kept afloat by her clothing; then, plunging in ahead of her, he seized the child and desperately attempted to throw her up on the bank. As he made the effort he fell back in the rapids and was whirled over the small fall that intervenes between the

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY MORNING, - SEPT. 17, 1880.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT:
GEN. WINFIELD S. HANCOCK,
OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT:
HON. WILLIAM H. ENGLISH,
OF INDIANA.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE:
HON. GEO. A. JENKS,
Of Jefferson County.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL:
COL. ROBERT P. DECHERT,
Of Philadelphia.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS:
A. H. COFFROTH, of Somerset.
FOR STATE SENATOR:
HERMAN BAUMER, of Conemaugh Boro',
[*Subject to decision of Democratic Conference.*]
FOR ASSEMBLY:
JOHN FENLON, of Ebensburg.
L. D. WOODRUFF, of Johnstown.
FOR PROTHONOTARY:
CHARLES A. LANGBEIN, of Chest Township.
FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER:
MICHAEL SWEENEY, of Cambria Borough.
FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY:
WILLIAM H. SECHLER, of Ebensburg.
FOR POOR HOUSE DIRECTORS:
FRANCIS J. BAKER, (3 years,) of Susquehanna.
GEORGE W. EASLY, (1 year,) of Johnstown.
FOR CORONER:
S. M. DOUGLASS, of Chest Springs.
FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR:
HENRY SCANLAN, of Carrolltown.

BLAINE is styled by his Republican admirers the "Plumed Knight," but since the Maine election the "*Plucked Knight*" would be more appropriate.

THE article in Tuesday's Johnstown *Tribune* on the result of the Maine election is mighty interesting reading, and reminds one of the Irishman's opinion of a pig he had killed, which he said didn't weigh as much as he expected, and he never thought it would.

WHAT friend of "old Ireland" will not rejoice at the very latest news from that country in these words: "The potato crop is simply magnificent. What few men can recollect seeing is now seen on all hands—fields beginning to wither naturally, without a sign of disease. Oats are a good crop, and turnips and mangolds never looked better."

MARSHAL JEWELL, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, accounts for the defeat of his party in Maine by the statement that "the business boom had not yet reached Maine." Well, if it hadn't, it is very clear that the Hancock boom reached there in due time and with resistless force, completely submerging Garfield and all his hopes.

THE greatest mistake that Jefferson Davis ever made was in not joining the Republican party after the war ended. If he had done so he would be a far bigger man to-day with the Republicans than either Longstreet or Mosby. Longstreet has been honored by Hayes by being made Minister at Constantinople, and Jeff., if he had wished, would have been commissioned Minister to England, whose aristocracy so strongly sympathized with Davis' "lost cause."

A CHINAMAN in San Francisco, while looking at a passenger street railroad car passing rapidly over the track, propelled by to him an invisible power, neither horses nor steam-engine being attached to it, in his bewilderment exclaimed: "No pushee—no pullee—go like hellee!" That is just the way the Hancock train in this campaign is rushing over the country, propelled by the unseen but irresistible power of public opinion, so that it may correctly be said of it, in the lingo of the Chinaman: "No pushee—no pullee—go like hellee."

CONFIDENTLY anticipating the triumphant election of the Republican ticket in Maine on last Monday, John Cessna, Chairman of the Republican State Committee, issued a general order for a parade of all the Garfield clubs and organizations in Philadelphia on Tuesday night, with brass bands, banners and torches, "to celebrate the victory in a proper way." The order also directed that in the rural districts the celebration should take place on Wednesday night. As Maine didn't whoop it up to any alarming extent for Garfield, but, on the contrary, gave a very loud yell for Hancock, Cessna's monster parade in Philadelphia didn't come off, and if the friends and admirers of the "tow-path boy" in this locality held any jollification over the Maine election on Wednesday night, it was as quiet and undemonstrative as a Quaker meeting.

ON and after next Monday the Democrats of Indiana will have twenty-two Union Generals on the stump in that State, not one of whom ever left the front to electioneer for a seat in Congress. General Slocum, who was with Sherman in his march through Georgia, was traveling in Europe when Hancock was nominated, but as soon as he heard it he left off his travels and started for home to help Hancock's election. He arrived at New York late last week and will go to Indiana. The Republican papers are not bragging as lustily now as they did three weeks ago about carrying Indiana in October. They have found out that Wm. H. English, the Democratic candidate for Vice President, who is chairman of the Indiana State Committee, knows how to run a campaign that will win and that he is doing it in his own way so as to bring about that result. Unless the tide takes a turn, the pledge of the old Democratic war horse, ex-Governor Hendricks, that "Indiana must and will elect the Democratic State ticket in October," will be redeemed.

On the MAINE Rampart of Freedom
OUR CANNON
WE'VE PLAISTED!

AND REJOICE WITH GREAT JOY
—THAT—
NO AMMUNITION'S BEEN WASTED!

"Oh! have ye heard the news from Maine?"
It went h—l bent agin James G. Blaine.

A Gettysburg for Garfield and a Waterloo for Blaine; That's the news, they tell us, has just been heard from Maine.

Never before did the Republicans of Maine make such a desperate struggle to maintain their supremacy as they did in the campaign that closed with the election on Monday last. Their greatest and most trusted leader, Mr. Blaine, scouted last week at anything less than a majority of from 7,000 to 10,000 for Davis, his candidate for Governor, and the election of all the five Congressmen; and the Republican papers all over the country felt confident that such would be the result. These were their predictions, and now what are the facts. Davis has been defeated by a majority ranging between 1,000 and 1,500, in the heaviest vote ever cast in the State, by Gen. Plaisted, a Union soldier of good record, who was the nominee of the Democrats and Greenbackers. Murch and Ladd, the two present anti-Blaine Congressmen, have been re-elected, as have also Frye and Lindsey, Republicans, while in the remaining district the contest between Anderson Dem., and Reed Rep., is close and undecided.

This is the story of Maine, that has voted the Republican ticket ever since 1856, and gave Hayes a majority of 16,478. It sounds the political death-knell of James A. Garfield and removes all doubt if there ever was any about Hancock's election. Maine was solid for Hancock at Cincinnati and she will be solid for him in November

THE Johnstown *Tribune* has added to the forged extract at the head of its columns from Wade Hampton's speech at Staunton, Va., a forged letter from F. E. Beltzhoover, Democratic member of Congress from the Cumberland district, in this State. Mr. B. has denounced the letter in the Philadelphia *Times* as "an infamous forgery," but that makes no difference at all to the editor of the *Tribune*, who began the present campaign by publishing a very stupid forgery in the shape of a dispatch from "John, Archbishop" of New York, to Gen. Hancock. The *Tribune* ought to place *that* forged dispatch at the head of the Hampton and Beltzhoover forgeries. Suppose the FREEMAN would publish a letter purporting to have been written by the editor of the *Tribune* relating to Gen. Coffroth, and suppose the *Tribune* would pronounce it "an infamous forgery," and then suppose the FREEMAN after that would insist that the *Tribune* editor's denial of ever having written the letter is "simply silly," and add thereto that "the letter is genuine beyond the shadow of a doubt," all of which the *Tribune* has said about Mr. Beltzhoover's denunciation of the forgery, what would the editor of the *Tribune* think of the conduct of the FREEMAN? And this is precisely what the *Tribune* has done regarding the Beltzhoover letter. Beltzhoover says the letter is "an infamous forgery," but the *Tribune* knows better than that and pronounces the denial as "simply silly," and brazenly asserts that *"the letter is genuine beyond the shadow of a doubt."* If a newspaper, for the purpose of making a very small amount of political capital, can prostitute itself to a baser or more ignoble purpose we would like to see it make the experiment.

THE Johnstown *Tribune* says that this "is the soldiers' campaign." Yes, it is a soldiers' campaign, and the Republicans are conducting it in favor of a soldier like Garfield, who left the army in 1862 to stump his district for Congress, and left it again in October, 1863, six weeks before the meeting of Congress, to go to Washington to take his seat while the battle of Chattanooga was impending. On the other hand, the Democrats are conducting a campaign in favor of a soldier like Hancock, who, under McClellan, in September, 1862, went thro' the bloody battles of South Mountain and Antietam when Garfield was on the stump in Ohio after an office, and who, in the fall of 1863, when Garfield was in hot haste to take the seat in Congress to which he had been elected, was in New York suffering from the wound he received on the field of Gettysburg in July of that year, and endeavoring by his appeals to the Chamber of Commerce and other public bodies, to raise money enough to pay a bounty to 50,000 recruits to fill up the broken and decimated ranks of his famous Second army corps. That is the kind of a soldier the Democrats are supporting in this campaign—a soldier who went into the fight to stay, and who never turned his back upon the enemy as Garfield did, until the last armed rebel had surrendered.

OUR good friend "Uncle Jake" Zeigler, of the Butler *Herald* will we know, forgive us for having failed till this to note the fact that he has been nominated for State Senator in the district composed of Butler and Armstrong counties. True it is that this district is strongly Republican, but that is by no means conclusive evidence that "Uncle Jake" can't pull through successfully. He possesses all the qualifications to make a first-class member of the Senate, and we have strong hopes of being able to congratulate him upon his election. So mote it be.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

CAMBRIA UP AND DOING—THE CHAMPION CAMPAIGN IDIOT—GRAND RALLIES OF THE DEMOCRACY—BROUGHT TO BAY—GIVE US MORE BAXTERS—WOULD-BE LEGISLATORS—SABBATH AT THE STATE FAIR—THE REPUBLICAN PARTY INDICTED—CITY CONGRESSMEN—A CHANGE OF UNIFORM—CESSNA'S TRUMP CARD—HOYT TO DEFEAT GROW, ETC.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 14, 1880.

To the Editor of the Cambria Freeman:

I am pleased to learn through the FREEMAN that the "frosty sons of thunder" had, in response to the call of the Chairman of your County Committee, an immense gathering at Ebensburg last week. It seems to have been a grand Democratic rally, and affords much pleasure to your Democratic brothers throughout the State, inasmuch as it showed that the Democracy of Cambria is thoroughly united and fully alive to the importance of the coming contest. The FREEMAN tells me that "the Hancock fever prevails all over Cambria county, attacking men, women and children." The same report comes from every section of the country. There seems to be a general Hancock epidemic. Thank heaven, however, the epidemic is not in the nature of a scourge, but of a blessing. It is not a destroying pestilence, but a purifying panacea. It is sweeping over the whole land, and the political atmosphere throughout the entire Union will be purified thereby.—Both the Democratic and Republican State Committees are working for dear life. Both claim victories for Garcock and Hanfield.

THE CHAMPION CAMPAIGN IDIOT.

Philadelphia can boast of possessing the most perfect campaign idiot in the Union. The name of this champion campaign clown is Baxter. Some call him General Baxter. His idiocy has already reached a great height, but as he has several weeks more to play the clown, there is no telling how much higher it may reach.

GRAND RALLIES OF THE DEMOCRACY.

The sub-committee on the town meetings of the Democratic campaign committee has designated October 2d and 9th as the dates for the grand rallies of the Democracy at the Academy of Music under the auspices of the campaign committee, and October 22d and 29th as the days for grand rallies under the auspices of the Americus Club at the same place.

GIVE US MORE BAXTERS.

If Pennsylvania had a few more General Baxters there is no telling where Hancock's majority would stop. If only Baxter himself will keep up his defamation of Hancock vigorously until the election, he will add many thousand Union soldiers to the number who are already supporting him. Gen. Baxter has struck out on an original and certainly very effective plan to make soldiers cluster around the banner of the man they saw in the flame of battle at Gettysburg. Can it be possible that Democrats have employed Gen. Baxter to declare that Gen. Hancock "had nothing to do" with the battle of Gettysburg—that Gen. Hancock "never heard a shot fired by his corps in that battle?" The most efficient recruit to the cause of Hancock thus far is Gen. Baxter. Bully for Baxter!

FINALLY BROUGHT TO BAY.

John Buchanan, the depraved and shameless miscreant, the miserable subterfuge of a simulated suicide, who through the error of a judge of a criminal court was suffered on insufficient bail to go at large, has finally been brought to bay and delivered into the hands of the authorities. The infamous traffic in which this infamous criminal was engaged had brought disgrace, not only upon Philadelphia, but upon the whole country. But for the *Record* this scoundrel would still be at large and in a new career of infamy. To the Philadelphia *Record* is wholly due the credit of exposing and uprooting the miserable business of selling bogus medical diplomas in this city. To that journal alone is due the honor of bringing John Buchanan and his infamous bogus diplomatic associates to justice.

Vanduser, the man who swore the "doctor" was drowned, has been arrested for perjury. The most surprised and shocked individual in the community was Mrs. Buchanan, the Dean's wife, who believed and mourned him as dead.

WOULD-BE LEGISLATORS.

There are a great many aspirants for statesmen's mantles in Philadelphia. As a general thing in this city brains do not constitute any of the qualifications of a candidate for the Legislature, or indeed for any other office, as the leaders say who the candidates shall be, and they don't admire men of brains. The list of aspirants throughout the city is a very large one, and those of them who will come to the front will be of the usual grade of those who preceded them. The Republican party in this city will be the first to name its candidates for legislative honors, and under the peculiar government of the party many are called (or rather call themselves), but the leaders say who shall be chosen. The nominations from the twenty-eight districts in this city are this year very important. The incoming Legislature has to elect a United States Senator, reapportion the State into Congressional, Senatorial and Representative districts, and will probably have to act upon one or two constitutional amendments; yet the outlook is that Philadelphia will be no more worthily represented than in former Legislatures.

OUR CITY CONGRESSMEN.

There are plenty of Republican gentlemen who would like very much to have General Bingham's place, and plenty of others who think it unconstitutional to let him be nominated without spending his salary in advance. But he will save his cash and go through all the same. He has some impecunious sideshow speculators, but he can secure the chairman and assure his nomination. Every off Congressional year the local politicians predetermine Judge Kelley's overthrow, but he is one of the statesmen who can only be beaten when he is not running. Harmer has some stumpy paths to tread, but he always clears them out and smooths his way for a nomination and election. O'Neill has a preemption right to his district and is likely to represent it until he gets tired of statesmanship—a period in his placid life that seems to be far in the future. Randall has most of the Democratic leaders of the city in his district, and his usefulness to the Republicans brings them to his assistance. For every Democrat that opposes him there will be two Republicans to support him. The five Congressmen who now represent Philadelphia will be elected again.

THE SABBATH AT THE STATE FAIR.

Each Sabbath, as the organist commences dancing his fingers over the keys of his instrument, the usual Sabbath stillness at the Permanent Exhibition is broken by a series of discordant noises. When the organ begins to give forth its quiet, solacing symphony, the loud bellowing of the numerous fair bulls suddenly open up and put a damper on those who are intently listening to the organ's strains. Then the calves take up the refrain by giving a gentle bawl, and the horses neigh a response. The porkers grunt their salutations, the roosters indulge in a crow, the hens join in a cackle, and the doves take to cooing. The discordant noises gives the organist no little mental uneasiness, and makes the grotesque-looking wooden individual in the Japanese house turn pale with fright.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY INDICTED.

The presentment of the Grand Jury for the August term, made to the Court, is a bold and iconoclastic document. It proposes to abolish things right and left. It is a document full of interest to such citizens as love strong language and delight in indiscriminate denunciation. It is, in fact, a formal indictment of the Republican party of Philadelphia. All things done which are amiss, and all things undone which are awry, are laid to the fault or default of that noble political organization, the Republican party. Yet, strange to say, the intelligent organs of the Republican party cannot see the late presentment in its true light. This presentment goes far ahead of the previous one made by the June Grand Jurors.

A CHANGE OF UNIFORM NECESSARY.

The color of the uniform of the guards at Fairmount park is gray. This has a sinister appearance and should be stopped at once. The Park guards have very much the appearance of the rebel boys during the late "unpleasantness" and are of course great eyesores to the "trooly loil." It may look like a trivial matter, but in the interest of loyalty it appears admissible to suggest, yea even to demand, that the uniform of the Fairmount Park guards be changed from gray to blue.

CESSNA'S TRUMP CARD.

Chairman Cessna has now a transparency, upon the one side of which is a canal boat drawn by a pair of mules. Upon the lead mule is a boy seated with a book in his hand, apparently deeply engaged in the perusal of its contents, and beneath the boy is the sentence: "Garfield educating himself." On the reverse side is a picture of Hancock in soldier's clothes, and a brother Jonathan standing before him with a switch, and at the base of this is the sentence: "Hancock being educated by Uncle Sam." This, Chairman Cessna thinks, will be a trump card, as the continual turning of the transparency in procession will catch the eye of the workingmen—a class whom, he says, "vote through their eyes."

HOYT TO DEFEAT GROW.

Lieutenant Governor Stone would like very much to be United States Senator, but it seems that Governor Hoyt himself is looming up more rapidly than the Lieutenant. Should Mr. Quay determine not to be a candidate he is to transfer his strength to Gov. Hoyt, so as to defeat Mr. Grow. There are several other Republican gentlemen who will be aspirants for United States Senator if the Legislature is Republican.

LETTER FROM PITSBURGH.

PITTSBURGH, Sept. 13, 1880.

Special Correspondence of the Freeman.

The most important event of last week, politically, was the scoring Hendricks gave Garfield. We see in this speech all the energy and fluency which has made Gov. Hendricks so powerful. From beginning to end he neither hesitates or halts, but rushes impetuously on in the most convincing statement, and with such well chosen and aptly put language that one is raised and carried off in admiration of the man. It is undoubtedly the finest thing of the campaign. We need have no doubt now of Indiana. That Hendricks and English will carry it for the Democratic ticket is beyond all peradventure.

Franklin Landers, who is the Democratic candidate for Governor of Indiana, is a great big Long John Wentworth kind of a man, and was a member of Congress the first time Randall was elected Speaker. Landers is a porkpacker of Indianapolis, and has as much money as English possesses and will spend it as liberally. He is not much on grammar, but can put out the common sense in a way that stuns the elegant Porter, who is running against him. They used to tell a story on Landers in Congress, that in a discussion with Joe Blackburn, or some of the other dressy members, he said that "any fellow who didn't like the smell of a hog was a beetle too nice to live." Landers is a big, handsome fellow, and is business all over. The day he carries Indiana for Governor is the day that decides Hancock's election.

WHAT ABOUT NEW YORK?

Is all this whistling of the Republicans about carrying New York intended to create an atmosphere in which a steal of the electoral vote of that State will be perpetrated by the Legislature after the October elections? Would the people of this country stand that? Under the color of law, the Republican Governor of New York can call the Legislature together; they can pass an act giving the selection of the electoral ticket to the Legislature, and adjourn; and what remedy have we?

Where would we get 35 electoral votes to even upon? That action might, however, doubly insure us the 29 from Pennsylvania and the 21 from Illinois, where Trumbull is making a gallant fight. Trumbull is the only man I ever heard who could get away with Douglas. He was too many for the "Little Giant" all the time. He spoke rapidly and on a very high key, and when he got after Douglas you would wish you were out there to listen to him. You could stand and listen to Lincoln, for he would throw in a lot of jokes, and the first thing you knew you would be applauding him with the crowd; but Trumbull would make the cold chills run over you. Trumbull and Ben Butler are now uttering she same prophesies—that Hancock will sweep things everywhere.

After we carry Indiana, of which I think there is no doubt, Gov. Hendricks ought to come to Pennsylvania and make several speeches, while Vorhees can go to Illinois. He has but to cross the Wabash, and they take him in with a gusto. Hendricks is a much better card for Pennsylvania. His two speeches in this State four years ago, one at Bellefonte and the other at Pittsburgh, were the best things of that campaign. Very few men stand up and fill the bill of expectation before a mass-meeting. People who have read the fiery speeches of some Congressman, are often disappointed at a sight or hearing of the man. Ex-Gov. Gilbert C. Walker, of Virginia, who was present with Hendricks at that memorable meeting in Centre county, where four ex-Governors spoke from the same stand, was the finest looking man I have ever seen on any stage, but he was a poor stick to talk. Hendricks, on the other hand, is a noble looking man and can give utterance to noble sentiments. Our State Committee should secure him, if possible, for a number of speeches after the Indiana election, or before it if he could come. Ben Butler should be got for the coal regions, and some other distinguished "flopers" should go into Bradford county. We are to have a large meeting in Pittsburg, to be presided over and talked to exclusively by "flopers," Uncle Jake Zeigler, nominee for State Senator in the 41st District, is attending all the pole-raisings and is fairly astonishing himself by the manner in which he is acquitting himself in getting in his work. He has everything in his favor towards a good reception. The mere relation of his experience in politics is interesting, and unless the Republicans double team it on him, he will certainly redeem the district.

THE Philadelphia *Record* of Monday last says:

All the flavor has been taken out of the campaign story in reference to the numerous mortgages owned by Hon. William H. English and heartlessly foreclosed by him to the ruin of impecunious debtors. Mrs. Margaret D. Gordon, of Indianapolis, declares that 300 of the mortgages belonged to her. She sold the properties and had to foreclose and take them back. This nearly disposes of the mortgage slander.

His Hide Hung on the Fence.

An Incident has just occured in the Indiana campaign which has greatly discomforted the Republicans, and over which the Democrats are very much animated and encouraged. In a speech the other night Mr. Hendricks—whose good opinion of Garfield the Republicans have been chiefly engaged in bolstering—bitterly arraigned the De Golyer statesman for his part in the electoral fraud. Mr. Hendricks said it was peculiarly disreputable because Garfield, alone of the "visiting statesmen," dared to sit as a juryman on the case which he had prejudged and the evidence in which he had helped to doctor. He further charged that Garfield while in New Orleans "took charge of the returns from West Feliciana parish, and in one of the inner rooms of Packard's custom house," manipulated the returns and prepared affidavits and interrogatories to make out a case. The Indianapolis *Journal*, the organ of the party edited by the chairman of the State central committee, a neighbor of Mr. Hendricks, assailed his declaration as unwarrantable and untrue, and said if it could be substantiated Garfield "would be disgraced."

Thus challenged in an issue of veracity, Mr. Hendricks warmed to his work. The next night he demonstrated from Garfield's own admissions the truth of the accusation which he had made against him. First Garfield swore that in the distribution of the testimony relating to the contested parishes, "I took West Feliciana." Then, "I occupied a room in the custom house in the corner of the building." Then, "I had no clue into the hall; it communicated with another room;" "there was nobody in the inner room but myself;" "here he swore that he examined the evidence in the case, as if he were a lawyer, and then he says not finding this evidence strong enough:

"I draughted some interrogatories to draw out more fully from one of the witnesses the testimony which they had given rather in brief, and some of the interrogatories which subsequently were appended to the testimony of those witnesses."

He admitted that he talked with Geo. Sweitzer and fixed up interrogatories to draw out his evidence, and so he did in the case of Amy Mitchell and she answered these interrogatories to suit, but in her testimony before the same committee she afterwards *herself swore that there was no truth in the statement* which she had made in the interrogatories. In answer to a question propounded by ex-Gov. Cox, of Ohio, who is a Republican, Amy Mitchell said that every statement contained in the affidavit was false; that she did not say anything because she knew it, but would *what they told her to say.* Her testimony also showed that she had been trained in the custom house to testify before the committee. On his way home Garfield prepared a brief in behalf of the Republican side of the case, based on the perjured testimony he had helped to fix up; all the time knowing, as he testified, that "if nothing but the face of the returns was to be considered, and if we had no means to go behind them, as a legal vote, Mr. Tilden was elected;" "and if every vote sent up was a legal, and some more Republican votes were not found, it was very clear that the state had gone for Nicholls and Tilden."

And yet this man who had prejudged the case, who had been a lawyer in it, who had helped to fabricate it, had the shameless effrontery to take a seat in the jury box and swear that he would try it fairly. And after he had decided that the electoral commission so appointed must go behind the face of the returns, he voted not to go behind those which he knew would be found to be rotten and fraudulent.

It is no wonder that the Indianapolis paper which had challenged Hendricks to his proof fallen next morning to publish a word of it or a line of editorial comment on his speech, which proved Garfield's "disgrace" beyond a peradventure.

A Campaign of Tomfoolery.

The Chairman of the Republican State Committee of Pennsylvania is one John Cessna, who went over to the Republican party in 1863, because the Democrats about that time concluded they had several better men than he to run for Governor. He has, however, done well on the other side. He got a term in Congress, and the Camerons have from time to time employed him about several of their jobs, and John never got left. They gave him his present position under the impression that Grant was going to be nominated, and it would be agreeable to have a tool of their own through whom to run the campaign.

But Grant was laid out, the Camerons are sick, and Mr. Cessna finds Garfield an unpromising subject. He has struck out an idea that would accomplish wonders if he could only carry it out. It has occurred to him that if popular attention could only be diverted from Garfield the man to Garfield the boy, a great point would be gained. He imagines that people are fond of little boys, who appear to be industrious and anxious to help their mothers, while very few indeed admire big Congressmen who take bribes and die about it. Therefore it was that the astute Cessna decided to run the boy and sink the man; a plan which he confidently informs his friends is bound to win if only it is well worked. In reaching this conclusion, Mr. Cessna pays a compliment to the people of Pennsylvania, who are not to see the lowly form of the Credit Mobilierist, nor the hands of the De Golyerite, but are to be led away into captivity after the boy. In order to accomplish this result, Mr. Cessna has inaugurated a pictorial campaign. "Meet of the laboring men of the country," he says, "vote through their eyes." This estimate of their capacity will no doubt prove flattering to them. Meanwhile Mr. Cessna advises his followers to go ahead with the show in the following fashion:

"It has been urged upon me by many persons in whose judgment I have great confidence, that the real and excitement of our present canvass are growing to such an extent that we should conduct it somewhat differently from the past. We instead, however, of the Log Cabin, it has been suggested that a Canal Boat should be frequently and extensively used. I submit present the view better than to quote the language contained in a letter of advice recently received from a gentleman of high character and large experience.

"First—Design a canal boat.

"Secondly—In all the torchlight processions have a large transparency, with Garfield on one side, trousers rolled up, driving on the tow-path, with an inscription underneath, "Garfield 1840 exulting;Himself," and on the other side, Hancock in his handsome uniform, with the inscription, "Hancock being Educated by Uncle Sam." The transparency to be kept turning as the procession moves, so that all spectators may see the contrast. Most of the laboring men of the country vote through their eyes! I say this as one who has been in contact with the masses for forty years."

From which we draw several inferences, namely: that Garfield was educated through his legs, his trousers being rolled up for that purpose; that the United States having done nothing for him, he owes them nothing, and was justifiable in betraying their interests when he sold out his official influence to Ames, Chittenden, and the various Rings which have at one time and another employed his services to reach the Treasury. But is it safe to trust such a man in the Presidency? With Lucien Hancock the case is different. The United States educated him, to be sure; but he has freely acknowledged the debt, and has paid a part of it with blood from his veins, and a part of it by devotion in peace and in war to the institutions which make us free.—*New York Sun.*

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER.—The leading article in this popular magazine for the month of October is an illustrated paper on the city of Tangier, Morocco, written by one of the chief engineers of the United States Navy, who is now on duty in the Mediterranean, and has promised to send sketches of noted places to the magazine during the year. The sketch is quite interesting, and is told in an off hand-ed, sailor-like style, that will commend itself to readers. There is all variety in this number of Ballou's, and the stories are all good. Published by Thomas & Talbot, 23 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass., at $1,50 per annum, postpaid and for sale at all the news depots in the country.

SEA-HORSE.—No proprietor of a sea-horse has ever, to our knowledge, had any occasion for using Kendall's Spavin Cure, but it has been used on thousands of spavined horses with most wonderful success, and it is now being used with the very best of satisfaction for every kind of a blemish or lameness on beast or man. As it does not blister and is certain in its effects, it is becoming the most popular liniment ever used for horse or human flesh. Read the advertisement in another column.

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NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—The Republicans missed their Maine chance.

—Somebody sawed Cessna's boat before the race came off.

—"Durgy," is Maine's motto. "I guide." Ohio and Indiana will follow.

—Chairman Cessna will now have to get his canal boat in out of the wet.

—A man in Beaver has patented a glass-lined tank for the preservation of oil.

—"Don't forget the canal boat" and that "laboring men vote through their eyes."

—Blaine "counted them at break of day, but when the sun set where were they?"

—A slight sprinkling of snow was observed on Wednesday of last week near Sunbury.

—Thirty seven natives of New Zealand have been admitted to the ministry of the Episcopal Church.

—Edward J. Murdock, of Cincinnati, robbed his widowed mother of $7,000, the extent of her fortune, and ran away.

—Two little girls, Bessie Beers and Carrie Hill, of Titusville, were horribly burned by trying to ignite a fire with kerosene.

—A gang of robbers who have been operating along the line of the Pennsylvania railroad has been partially broken up.

—A young lady of Sandy Lake, Mercer county, lost her voice for several months and regained it by drinking a pint of whiskey.

—Ezra and Aaron White, of Mercer, celebrated their eighty-fourth birthday recently. They are perhaps the oldest pair of twins in the State.

—Perhaps, suggests the Philadelphia *Times*, the cyclone in Maine didn't "vote through their eyes." This was outrageously distinct in them.

—A salute of one hundred guns was fired in City Hall park, New York, on Tuesday night, in honor of the victory over the Republicans in Maine.

—Edward Cadwell and Samuel Shields descended into a silver mine, near Hannibal, Mo., two soon after a blast, on Thursday, and were taken out dead.

—Thomas Judge was almost instantly killed Monday morning by a fall of roof coal in the West Pittston colliery. He leaves a wife and three children.

—A man is astonishing the people of Milwaukee by walking on water. He wears shoes resembling coffins, and goes three miles an hour at a swinging gait.

—On Saturday Nickel Smith was taken from his home by a committee of citizens of Pueblo, Col., and hanged for committing a rape on the Wednesday previous.

—Mrs. Rebecca Lyon, the "bearded woman" who for years traveled with Barnum's, Forepaugh's and other shows, died on Friday, and on Saturday was buried at Liverpool, N. Y.

—Philip Vollmer, a constable of St. Mary's borough, Elk county, who was shot by Harry English at the time he made his escape to Michigan, died on Friday last from the effects of his wound.

—Dogs chased the murderer of their master, at Navasota, Texas, but only held him fast when they caught him. The human pursuers were less merciful, for they hanged him to a tree.

—At Marseilles, Wis., Henry Baetzmann married the girl whom Otto Riggart wanted. Otto went to the wedding with a knife, and when the ceremony was over he stabbed the bridegroom three times.

—A nest of four young crows was found a few days ago on the farm of Mr. George Trainer, near Thornton, Chester county, three of which are nearly white. They continue to remain about their birth-place.

—Diphtheria of a very fatal type is prevalent at New London, Conn., and an epidemic or dengue prevails at Charleston, S. C. There being over 2,000 cases in that city. Dengue is reported at New Orleans.

—The New York *Sun* demonstrated by statistics that the State of Vermont has the largest per cent. of crime, the lowest wages, the least gain in population, drinks the most rum and has the largest Republican majority.

—A wealthy man of Detroit, whose wife and children were on the steamer Marine City when it burned in Lake Huron, and escaped with their lives, has given $2,000 worth of gold and silver watches to the officers and crew.

—Among the Sisters of Mercy who accompany the Russian army are two Princesses and seventy ladies of fortune. These women maintain out of their own means the well-appointed ambulances to which they are attached.

—At Exeter, England, a young farmer has been sent to jail for a month for shooting a rabbit on a farm of his own occupation, and the county bought the same beech for brutally-ill-treating his wife was fined five shillings.

—Three brothers named Smith and three brothers named Hammond became involved in a difficulty near Owentown, Ky., on Monday, in which one outsider was killed and two of the Hammonds mortally and one seriously wounded.

—Christian Stouffer, charged with the murder of Robert Allison, by shooting him in his cornfield, in Franklin county, on the night of the 31st of July last, was acquitted at Chambersburg at a late hour Saturday night. The verdict was received with applause.

—Mrs. Pabido, of No. 36 Ridge street, New York, was standing at an open third-story window holding her baby girl in her arms, when the little one, in a moment of glee at some passing object, slipped from her grasp and falling to the street was instantly killed.

—A class of thirty was recently confirmed at the State prison at San Quentin, Cal., by Archbishop Alemany. The candidates had been prepared by Father Picardo, who officiates in the prison one Sunday in each month. Music was furnished by some of the convicts.

—Colonel Roberts, of Titusville, the inventor of the torpedo for the resuscitation of dry oil wells, which has proved of incalculable benefit to the oil regions, has been turning his inventive genius in the direction of a lightning-proof tank, and believes he has struck the right idea.

—A remarkable woman, Mrs. Mary Ann Dean, died lately in St. Louis. She was 57 years old, and had been married twenty years. She was the mother of twenty-one children, of which there were three pairs of twins, two sets of triplets, and four were born at one birth. Ten of her children are living.

—James L. Bracket was formally excommunicated from the Catholic Church for grossly insulting Father Kempen, of Cahoka, Mo. Upon the priest ordering him from the church last Sunday, he refused to leave, whereupon the priest stopped the services and left. Most of the villagers side with the priest.

—The lynching of the brothers Grier, at Laurens, S. C. was conducted by the brothers Workman, whose sister they had maltreated. A mob of about fifty persons took the Griers from their home, and tied them to two trees. Then the Workmans stepped forward with pistols and deliberately killed the offenders.

—E. P. Parron, his son and a man named Luster were working in a distillery at Independence, Mo., Friday, when a large wooden still full of boiling mash burst and the men were completely cooked by the hot liquid. They lived a few minutes in terrible agony, but their flesh fell out and the flesh falling from their bones.

—Mr. John Wanamaker, who has been making a summer tour in Europe combining business with pleasure, returned in the steamship Brittannic. He comes back in good health and with energies refreshed and invigorated, to be devoted to his great business occupation and to the numerous good works he is engaged in.

—Just before the death of little Jessie Hill, at Titusville, on Wednesday, from the effects of coal-oil burns, she exclaimed: "Come Carrie, come!" Carrie Beers, who was burned at the same time, died ten minutes afterward, but in some distance away, and her last words were: "Yes, Jessie, I am coming." Neither of the children was over 5 years old.

—One of the most remarkable operations in dentistry ever recorded was performed at Portsmouth, N. H., a week ago last Sunday. A boy named Hall fell off a horse cart while descending from the carriage, when the horse gave a vigorous whisk of his tail, twisted the end of a hair around one of the boy's front teeth, and pulled it out so quickly that the hair had hardly time to feel the loss.

—Gen. Wm. H. Irwin, at one time the Republican candidate for Congress in the Centre district, but now in Louisville, Ky., declares for Hancock. He knew him as a soldier and statesman and says: "How wisely, how beneficently this illustrious soldier statesman fulfilled his vast and varied duties, the whole world knows. The American people are preparing to reward him with their richest gift."

—The Dublin (Ga.) *Gazette* says that on last Wednesday morning a young man in that place awoke from a refreshing night's slumber both deaf and dumb, nor has he spoken a word since or heard at all. The night before when he retired he could talk and hear as well as he ever could. He remembered no unpleasant feeling during the night, nor is he affected in any other way. He is about twenty-one years old.

—During the Vermont campaign such eminent bulldozers as Stewart L. Woodford, of New York, and John A. Logan, went among the factory men in their hours of work or of noon resting, telling them that they must vote their bosses' ticket, and injuring them to do so, if they would keep their places and not be run out by the Chinese "who can be imported to oust them at a great saving of money."

—In Alabama they have colored Democratic editors, stumpers and Hancock clubs in all parts of the State. In Montgomery county, wherein the colored vote is larger than the white, the Democratic editor is a colored man, and the colored Hancock club has over six hundred members. In Richmond, Va., the colored Hancock club numbers over five hundred of the most thrifty colored men of the city, and Winchester has a colored Hancock club with nearly as large a membership.

—Dr. "Colonel" John Buchanan, of fraudulent medical diploma notoriety, was taken into the Court of Sessions, Philadelphia, before Judge Baldie on Monday, and committed to prison. His appearance is greatly changed, he having dyed his hair and cut off his side whiskers. Thomas Van Dusen, who testified that he saw the "doctor" jump overboard from the ferry-boat when it was supposed he had committed suicide, was before U. S. Commissioner Gibbons Monday afternoon on a charge of perjury and was committed in default of $5,000 bail.

—It may be well to repeat a hint often made, on the manner of using sugar in fruit. One should know that sugar boiled with an acid, if it be but for three minutes, will be converted into glucose, which in the form of sugar is found in sweet apples. One pound of sugar has as much sweetening power as 2½ pounds of glucose. In other words, one pound of sugar stirred into the fruit after it is cooked will have the same effect will make the fruit as sweet as 2½ pounds added while the fruit is boiling. Save your sugar by a little chemical knowledge.

—Just as the bartender of the Marshall House at Savannah was going to draw a glass of beer for a customer he saw a rat on the floor just outside the door to the street, standing on his hind legs with his mouth wide open to catch the beer that was spilled or dripped. The bartender took a little pony glass and filled it with beer and set it down on the floor. The rat promptly drank it empty, then walked off slowly and with a kind of stagger. Since that time he has come back every day for his beer and drinks it regularly at 11 a. m., eating also a piece of bread and meat, which is given him daily.

—"I feel so confident," said an exultant Democrat the other evening, "that Hancock is going to be elected that I don't worry myself about the results any longer. On the contrary, I am happy." The company of eight gentlemen, every one of them Republicans, who, when polled, said they were going to vote for Hancock." "That's

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY. - - - - SEPT. 17, 1880.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—The Mountain House, Cresson, "shut up shop" on Wednesday.

—Get the fife and blow the drum, the good time coming" has just come.

—Butter is selling at 20 cts. per pound and eggs at 14c. cts. per dozen in this place.

—Solar tip shoes, the best for children ever made, can be bought only at Barkers.

—If you are troubled with rheumatism use "Kendall's Spavin Cure." See advertisement.

—New stock of shoes, including new styles of ladies' shoes, just received by V. S. Barker & Bro.

—Workingmen! Look to your interests and save doctor bills by using Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

—When wise men speak let the multitude give ear. Use "Sellers' Liver Pills." Sold by all druggists.

—The Republicans did the blowing, but the Democrats had to furnish the music for the meeting Monday night.

—The Rads are despondent and all in the dumps because their Maine trick is lost and the Dems hold the trumps.

—Johnstown and other portions of our county are just now being scourged by that horrible disease, diphtheria.

—A gentleman friend remarks that the Welsh as a class won't vote for Hancock because they don't understand good English.

—The Altoona Democracy intend to stretch a large banner worth $125 across Eleventh avenue in front of their headquarters.

—Try "Kendall's Spavin Cure," a sure remedy for spavins, curbs, ringbones, or any enlargement of the joints. See advertisement.

—V. S. Barker & Bro. are the only dealers in town who keep a full assortment of shoes. You will find all sizes and qualities at their store.

—How is this, "Cooney?" The Huntingdon *Journal* says that the best looking editor of the Juniata Valley didn't take any picnic in Blair.

—In the way of boots for men and boys, V. S. Barker & Bro. take the lead, as they carry the largest stock and sell at the lowest prices.

—Our Radical friends are in pain and look crestfallen and solemn since the Fusionists gobbled up Maine and Plaisted in the Hancock column.

—Messrs. Jas. J. Murphy and And'w Fosnight, of Johnstown, are both in the east just now buying goods for their respective establishments.

—Ayer's Pills are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are pleasant, safe and sure, and excel all other pills in healing and curative qualities.

—Omer Brown, of Minersville, had five of his ribs fractured last Wednesday forenoon by being caught between the deadwoods of the cars on the C. I. Co.'s railroad he was engaged in coupling.

—The Altoona *Tribune* says that the hotbeds dropped out of the proposed railroad from this place to Carrolltown and Cherry-dale, per bottom dollar it ain't.

—James Lytle, aged seven years, only son of M. Lytle, Esq., of Huntingdon, was run over in the streets of that borough by a steam engine on Friday last and instantly killed.

—Look here, my fine fellow," said the party to the boy who was disturbing the peace by constantly coughing, "here's a way to get a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for 25 cents."

—A one-year-old child of John Brannon, living in Loop, near Hollidaysburg, was choked to death on a small piece of wood that lodged in its throat on Sunday morning last.

—The address of Col. Spang at the principles picnic came to hand too late for our columns and the stress upon our local columns prevents its publication in that department this week.

—Have you heard the refrain from away up in Maine, where poor Jimmy Blaine has been scooped in again, though he tried hard not to ruin, to throw from the track the Democratic train?

—Republicans have been interesting to hear Republican pow-wows from Clearfield fired off on Tuesday instead of Monday night. They say that up in Maine they was hi-li to pay.

—Did you have you heard the news from Maine" reached us after our "forms" had been made up, and too late, of course, to insert Cassius's letter. The band played dirges, the minstrels sang "Sweet Bye and Bye," and altogether it was a touching tribute to the memory of the dead clown.

—We noticed V. S. Barker, senior member of the firm of V. S. Barker & Bro., with carpet-sack in hand Monday evening and on his way to the depot. Upon inquiry, we learned that he was bound for Philadelphia and New York, where he intends buying the largest stock of goods ever brought in Ebensburg. So just wait till his new goods arrive, and our word for it you will have a better chance than ever for bargains.

—In the absence of the regular pastor at New Germany, in Croyle township, Rev. Father Reardon, of this place, was called on Sunday last to the sick bed of Mr. Wm. J. Hammond, who resides near the first named village and who with his entire family is at present afflicted by that terrible disease, diphtheria, which has also manifested itself in several other families, among the rest being two children of Mrs. Benj. Ryder.

—The Republicans held quite a large and spirited meeting at the Court House on Monday night last, which was addressed by Hon. E. Joy Morris, of Philadelphia, and a gentleman named McEnally, of Clearfield. It was fortunate for our dissenting brethren that the meeting was called for Monday evening, for had it been delayed twenty-four hours longer it would certainly have been a very doleful affair, mainly because of Maine.

—Mr. John Ehmer, whose live stock sale in this place on Monday, Sept. 27th, is noted in another item, has among the animals to be offered a three months' old bull calf which weighs between three and four hundred pounds, a four months' old calf which weighs between four and five hundred pounds more, and a two year old which has taken first premium at two county fairs and will kick the beam at 1,550 pounds. This is the kind of stock our farmers will do well to invest in.

—Three things we inadvertently forgot to mention last week: The nomination for Congress of Jacob M. Campbell, of Johnstown, by the Republican conference, the death of both the young men, John Reesemen and Martin Hagins, who were run over and shockingly injured by a freight train while asleep on the track near Mapleton, Huntingdon county, the Friday previous, and the sentencing to six years imprisonment in the Western Penitentiary of Samuel Hilty, the Westmoreland county sheep-stealer.

—Mr. Theo. M. Apple, a gentleman well known to many of our readers, has invented a corn husking machine, and Libonville, Illinois, in which is said to be quite a curiosity in its way. The stalks are all about twelve feet high, and the ears, which are some seven feet from the ground, measure as a rule about fourteen inches in circumference. A number of farmers have taken a look at the patch and say they never saw anything like it. Theodore is evidently as successful in growing corn as he is in raising little apples.

—"How is that sentence?" asks the Johnstown *Tribune* of Friday, after copying an item from the FREEMAN relating to the binding over to the next term of Court to answer a charge of aggravated assault and battery of a jail-bird named Beynon, *alias* Tippetts, *alias* Brown. Well, we must admit that the sentence was pretty long drawn out, but it ain't to be considered on the same day with the sentence of expatriation which will be passed on the postmaster at Johnstown, who is also editor of the *Tribune*, after the 4th of March next.

—The Rads of Altoona, in their pole-itical craze, sought t'other day a big pole to raise—long pieces of pine together well bound with huge iron strips and bandaged all 'round—a pole that for length could all other poles beat, the measure exact being two fifty feet; but when they came to the hoisting they were soon made to see that instead of one pole they had fully three, for the pine snapped asunder and the bands wouldn't hold, while the disappointment that followed need scarcely be told. So ended the fizzle, and we may say in all on the pine.

—We remarked to our readers, a fortnight ago, that Dave Rosenthal had either gone or would go to the cities called eastern, where he proposed to invest in a big stock of clothing, the cheapest and best, for the fall trade and winter, which will soon be around, and for which he's bought goods fine, stylish and sound. This, as we said above, was just two weeks ago, and now we can tell you what may interest you to know, that Dave has got back, and what's the best thing of all, he has filled up his store from front door to back wall, and is prepared now to clothe from the head to the feet old folks and young in apparel nice, nobby and neat, and that, too, at prices which for cheapness excel those of all other dealers who can't do as well. So don't forget to keep this great fact in your mind, that Young America's the place the best bargains to find: and for fear you should miss it when to Altoona you got, just ask where it is, and then don't you forget.—to go there and buy what you need.

—The huge pine pole which the Altoona Republicans attempted on last Saturday afternoon to raise from a horizontal to a perpendicular position and which broke in three pieces after reaching an elevation of twenty or thirty feet, was two hundred and fifty feet in length and was girt about and otherwise strengthened, as was supposed, by not less than a ton and a half of iron. We were not present when the catastrophe happened, having left the scene about half an hour before, but we are reliably informed that when the pole came down three rousing cheers went up for Hancock and English.

—We learn from the Johnstown *Tribune* that J. H. Garman, one of the parties arrested on suspicion of having been concerned in the Behe-Dumm robbery, was taken from that place to Allegheny township, on Wednesday last, for identification and a hearing before Esquire Little. Constable Jos. Durbin, the officer who had him in charge and who brought him to jail here the same evening, is entitled to the credit of having ferreted out all the alleged participants in this infamous outrage and robbery. John Swope, of Chest township, another of the parties implicated, was also brought to jail this (Thursday) forenoon, by the same officer.

—Dr. W. S. Bittner, of Altoona, an artist of acknowledged merit, has recently completed an elegant oil portrait of General Hancock, which we had the pleasure of taking a peep at the other day, and which all who have seen it pronounce a credit to the Doctor and an honor to the next President of the United States. Some portion of the work from a photograph of the distinguished subject and differs in many essential particulars from the generally accepted pictures of the "superb soldier" and statesman. This admirable work of art, which was executed for the Central Hancock Club of Altoona, required only a day and a half for its completion, so deft and dainty are the artist's fingers. If the Doctor could only be induced to vote as well as he paints, his glory would be complete.

—A Republican orator, by name McEnally, seized the "bloody shirt" Monday night and attempted to rally the Republican hosts in this great neck o' timber, but the more that he rattled the more his hearers grew limber. And yet he went on till it was plain to disciver there was a bile on his stomach and a pile on his liver; while on part of the audience who came there to hear him there was a lack of "entinse" and no desire to cheer him: for 'tis well known to the world and the rest of mankind, that the "bloody shirt" is a garment that floats in the breeze of business and limp as a rag without gore, and the reason we'll tell you, it was Hancock who wore a shirt that was bloody when the life of the nation in battles was sought, and conquered the rebels whom he gallantly fought. But that is not all, for there's a story to tell next November that will prove Hancock as well fitted to fight and conquer the Republican horde, with the ballot and not with the sword, as he was when he subdued Gen. Longstreet, the Republican pet, and gave the rebels a licking they'll never forget.

—Hon. E. Joy Morris, of Philadelphia, the gentleman who made the last of the two speeches delivered at the Republican meeting on Monday night, paid a glowing tribute to the military record and undaunted bravery of General Hancock, but hadn't a word of commendation to utter for the candidate of his own party, Gen. Garfield, whose name he only casually mentioned once or twice in speaking of the tariff—a subject on which Garfield has a record which stinks in the nostrils of every man who favors a high protective tariff. The same gentleman painted a glorious picture of what would have come to pass had the confederate forces under Longstreet won the victory at Gettysburg and marched on Philadelphia and other Northern cities, but he forgot to refer to the fact that the man who commanded the rebel army on that memorable occasion is now cheek by jowl with the Republican leaders, and that the brave officer who repulsed Longstreet and saved the North from ruin and desolation is the man whom the Republican party is doing its best to defeat for the Presidency of a once more united and prosperous nation.

—No one could fail to note the vast difference between the orderly conduct of those who attended the Democratic meeting on Monday night and the rowdyism and disorderly bearing of the boys—and there were very few others than boys—who came to town on Monday evening in big wagons, gaily festooned, to attend the Republican gathering at the Court House on that occasion. It was a fact patent to all that the former returned home peaceably and quietly after their meeting was over, while the latter, not a few of them, made all manner of mutterings, went in to "take the town," and did take it to the extent of creating a first-class disturbance at Heininger's hotel, which, however, was speedily nipped in the bud by a stone-mason at the new Court House, named Bowers, who hails from New York, and who laid down the law to the loudest-mouthed among his assailants, several of whom are said to have "warded in" for the purpose of reconstructing him on pacific principles. Then followed a scene such as might be expected with all the actors full of fighting whisky and Republican politics, and as the Bowery boys were all held by the Democrats and the stone-mason aforesaid gave them to understand in very plain terms that he could whip the whole caboodle of them, one at a time, they soon simmered down and departed for home about half-past eleven o'clock.

—The Hancock and English Club of this place got up an impromptu glorification Tuesday night over the Maine election, and with over forty Chinese lanterns borne aloft took up their line of march, preceded by the martial band, the American flag and the prize banner, for the old Academy building, in the immediate vicinity of which, arrangements had been made for a large bonfire and for the firing of salutes from the little cannon recently presented to the Club by General McDonald. This part of the programme was not only carried out to the letter, but F. P. Tierney, Esq., of Altoona, who happened to be a "looker-on in Venice," was loudly called for, and after a time mounted a box in the bell gable of the Court House and made a rousing but telling speech—one of the best, in fact, of the campaign, being replete with happy hits and amusing caricatures, which often "brought down the house," so to speak, in vociferous cheers for the eloquent orator and the glorious cause he so ably advocated. After the speech-making and other demonstrations of joy came the forming of the procession, which marched through the principal streets of town, occasionally indulging in loud applause for General Hancock, the glorious Democratic victory just achieved in the Republican State of Maine, and for the whole Democratic ticket. About the hour of 10 o'clock, the jubilant Democracy were halted in front of the Club room, and after disposing of the drums and other paraphernalia of the procession, quietly departed to their respective homes.

COUNTY TREASURER'S SAFE BLOWN OPEN AND ROBBED.—On Monday night last, immediately succeeding, as is supposed, the occupancy of the building by the Republican mass meeting, the office of the County Treasurer in the upper story of the Court House was broken into by burglars and the safe blown open. The door leading to the Treasurer's office is a stout wooden one, and not meant to be a bar to the wielding of a "jimmy" or any similar instrument, but the safe was thought to be secure, as most inventions of that description usually are. Ocular demonstration the following morning established the fact that the door had been easily forced and that through the process of drilling and blasting, the lock of the safe had been blown off. This expectation of the burglars was doubtless to make a rich haul, but the wise forethought of Deputy John A. Kennedy uniformerly prompts him to keep the surplus cash of the county in bank, and this served him in good turn this time. The sum total the burglars secured for all their pains was about $250 more than one-half of which, or $120, we are sorry to say, belonged to the Deputy Treasurer himself, and was in gold. The instruments made use of in this bold work of despoliation were obtained in the immediate neighborhood of the Court House, some of them being the property of the workmen on the foundation of the new Court House and others of Mr. J. D. Parrish, who has a temporary carpenter shop in the stable of R. L. Johnston, Esq. These instruments were left behind by the depredators, and were subsequently reclaimed by their proper owners.

On the same night, the stable of Dr. Wm. Lemmon, in the West Ward, was broken into and a horse and buggy taken therefrom. The party who committed this last act was traced by Lem. Davis the following morning to Lilly's station, where the horse and buggy were recovered, but the thief had made good his escape, though suspicions as to his identity are confidently entertained. Whether he was connected with the Court House burglary remains to be seen.

N. G. L. COUNTY CONVENTION.—The members of the National Greenback Labor party are requested to assemble at the respective polling-places in their several election districts, on *Saturday, Sept.* 18, 1880, between the hours of 1 and 7 o'clock, P. M., to select delegates to meet in County Convention, in Ebensburg, on *Monday, Sept.* 20, 1880, at 1 o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of placing in nomination a county ticket and transacting such other business as may come before said convention.

By order of County Committee.

HENRY MILLER, Chairman.
Chest Springs, Sept. 13, 1880.

—Courtly gentlemen are not always to be found in attendance at court.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.—Owing to lateness of the branch train, Court did not convene till 11.50 A. M. Monday forenoon, instead of 11 o'clock as customary. His honor Judge Dean presided, with Associates Flanagan and Thomas on the bench.

The list of traverse jurors was called, and all but five answered to their names. Of those who answered, about a dozen were excused from serving, for satisfactory reasons advanced.

The trial list was called, for the purpose of hearing any motions to be made.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Court met at 2 o'clock. The list of lawyers was called, for motions, petitions, etc. The applications for new trials in the cases of C. T. Schubert and Casper Roeth, convicted of libel will be argued at next Argument Court.

The first case taken up was that of Wm. S. Patterson, of Johnstown, against his wife, Laura Patterson, next friend in divorce. Adultery was the complaint advanced by the plaintiff, his own brother, Samuel Patterson, having been the despoiler of his domestic happiness. Two female witnesses testified point-blank as to the guilt of Laura, and the jury speedily arrived at a verdict in favor of the respondent. Both suitors and witnesses are colored, and as a consequence the case was out—highly colored with utter nastiness.

Francis Cooper vs. L. A. Craver and Aug. Hott was the next case reached. Craver had borrowed money from Cooper, and his father-in-law, Hott, had endorsed for him. A judgment in favor of Cooper as against defendants for $802.44 had been rendered. On the allegation that usurious interest had been charged, the judgment was opened and this trial had. Though very long and very dull, it amounted to nothing of consequence in the end, the difference as between the claims of plaintiff and defendants being a mere trifle. By direction of the Court, the Judge ordered the jury to render a verdict of $629.21 for the plaintiff—judgment and interest to date.

Adjourned at 5.45 o'clock.

TUESDAY MORNING.

Court met at 9 o'clock A. M.

The case of Bendlinger vs. Dunmire et al., and the case of Bendlinger vs. Wendell, were continued.

Bradley's executrix vs. Sheehan was a case wherein a difference as to the valuation of certain personal property, to-wit: Three hundred and odd feet of lead quarter-inch pipe, existed between the estate of John Badley, deceased, and Timothy Sheehan. The jury, after due deliberation, found for plaintiff in the sum of $26.

The next case taken up was that of Somerville vs. Hips & Lloyd—assumpsit. This is the opening of a book account, brought to assumpsit upon refusal of payment. Testimony and exceptions and other like legal methods of delaying justice retarded business until the hour of 10 o'clock, when Court adjourned.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

Court met at 9 o'clock, when the list of attorneys was called.

The verdict of the jury in the case of Somerville vs. Hips & Lloyd, which had been sealed about the hour of 10 o'clock the night preceding, was handed in. It found for plaintiff in the sum of $204.85, with interest from September, 1876, to date.

The case of Flattery vs. Flattery was resumed. It is conducted by plaintiff, Mr. Flattery, that the defendant, Judge Flattery, is indebted to her in the sum of $2,740, and this action is brought to enforce payment of the claim. All the testimony was in at 11.45 o'clock, when Court adjourned.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

In the Flattery case, after sundry renditions of the law made by Judge Dean, Mr. Potts engaged in a lengthy argument for the defendant, followed by Mr. Johnston for the plaintiff. The jury, after listening to the charge from the Court, retired, and ultimately returned with a verdict for the plaintiff in the sum of $2,740.

COURT SESSION.

The case of Kearney vs. Leiden came next, P. F. Kearney being the plaintiff, and Adam and Jacob Leiden the defendants. This action was brought by plaintiff to test the right of defendants to have or hold any real or personal property. Court adjourned at 10 o'clock, with the case still undecided.

The case of Flattery vs. Horne was settled by the payment of costs by defendant.

SCOOPING THEM IN.—The Behe-Dumm burglars appear to be coming to where they belong. The first parties arrested were Andrew Lantzey and John Swope. After them, were gathered in Emanuel Wentz, Lake Platt, Hudson Oaks, and —— Miller. Some of these, or all of them, may be able to establish their innocence of the grave charge brought against them, but we hope and pray they may be the case.

But the unerring finger of justice points straight out in the direction of the guilt of at least two persons who are now inmates of our county jail. One, who gives his real name as Frank Scott, was grabbed up Monday afternoon while visiting the jail in this place, and a hasty search revealed in his pocket a bill of sale through Uncle Sam to Hudson Oaks for a certain horse on afternoon, at the hour of one o'clock. Mr. Behe, one of the victims of the gang, was present, with his wife, and both of them testified. "Dey on know that party?" asked the Justice of Mr. Behe, indicating the accused, who sat only three feet away? "I do," was the answer: "he is the man from whose face I tore the mask when the gang broke into my house last August!" To Mrs. Behe was put the interrogatory: "Do you recognize that man?" "I do," was the reply. "How do you know me?" asked the accused. "By your eyes, your nose, your size, and your general appearance," was the answer. District Attorney Rose expressed the Commonwealth at the hearing, and on the strength of the testimony of Mr. and Mrs. Behe, that officer instructed the 'Squire to commit "California Jack" to jail without bail, the charge being one within the purview of the Oyer and Terminer. The instructions were heeded, and "California Jack" is now in durance vile.

Upon re-assembling at Mr. Reade, for the plaintiff, spoke for a half hour; when, after the usual charge by his honor Judge Dean, the jury retired to their private room for deliberation.

The case of Flattery vs. Flattery was reached at 8.15 o'clock, and a jury was called and sworn, Frank Hill after the panel had been exhausted and one talisman was cited into the box. The hearing of motions and exceptions and other like legal methods of delaying justice retarded business until the hour of 10 o'clock, when Court adjourned.

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The case of Flattery vs. Horne was settled by the payment of costs by defendant.

PUBLIC SALE OF BLOODED STOCK.—There will be exposed to public sale, at the Cambria House, Ebensburg, on MONDAY, SEPT. 27, 1880, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M., a fine lot of BLOODED STOCK, comprising Bulls and Heifers from three months to two years old, all of excellent breed and all bought in Trumbull county, Ohio, by Mr. John Ehmer, of Lancaster county. Stock raisers will do well to attend and look to their own interests, as Mr. Ehmer is taking an active part in having the horned stock in this section thoroughly improved. [9-17-2t.*]

GEN. COFFROTH'S SPEECH.—Following is the full text of the speech delivered by Hon. A. H. Coffroth at the Democratic meeting held at the Court House, this place, on Monday night of last week:

Mr. President and Fellow Citizens:—I am very much obliged to my eloquent friend for the manner in which he has saw fit to allude to myself personally. That I am your present Congressman I suppose no one will doubt, but that I am to be your next Congressman some of this audience *will* unquestionably doubt. All I can say to you to-night is that if Cambria does her duty I will be your next Congressman. I told you in 1878 that my friends and neighbors of Somerset county would answer at the polls the villification and slander that was brought to bear against me; and they did answer it to the astonishment of the men who were slandering me, and to the great gratification of my friends. I think they will answer it again. On the night of the election you will hear the news brought over here by telegraph that Somerset county never repudiated any of her sons, and that the "frosty sons of thunder" have once more declared in my favor.

Now, my fellow citizens, I don't propose to make you a speech to-night after the eloquent speech you have just listened to. It would only be traveling over the same ground to allude to any of the subjects that the gentleman who preceded me has touched upon. There is one thing, however, that I might allude to here to-night, because it becomes proper that I should do so. I mean the eternal cry of our political opponents that, if the Democratic party come into power they will pay the rebel debt, and pension the rebel soldiers. My fellow citizens, that is untrue, and I pronounce it so here to-night. So far as I am personally concerned, and the soldiers know where I have stood, I pledge you again, as I did on a former occasion, that I would rather see my right hand wither at my side, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, than I would vote to pay a single dollar of the confederate debt, or pension a single rebel soldier. You saw that in my course last session, and you will see it as long as I remain there.

I speak in kindness to my Republican friends, I know I have many of them throughout this district, and I know I would not say one word in unkindness to them. I know that they feel kindly towards me. Many of them have given me their suffrage, and I know many of them will give it to me again.

Now, don't you know, my fellow citizens, that there is in the Constitution, an amendment—the fourteenth—that prevents not only the States but the Federal Government from ever paying one dollar of the confederate debt; from paying for any slaves that were made free by the rebellion, and from pensioning any of the confederate soldiers? There it stands as passed by a two-thirds vote of Congress and ratified by three-fourths of the States of this Union. Gen. Hancock has said in his letter of acceptance, "I accept the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments in good faith." The Democratic party of the North are all in favor of them, and, I believe honestly to-night, that the conservative men who live in the South would not disturb them if they could. How could they get about it? It would be absurd to talk about paying the rebel debt, or pensioning rebel soldiers, with a constitutional amendment against it. That amendment could be changed it would require two-thirds of both the Senate and House of Representatives to vote for it; and after they had voted for it, if they would be bold enough to do so, it would still require three-fourths of the States of this Union to ratify it; and is it possible that three-fourths of the States, which would require a majority of the Northern States, would through their legislatures ratify such an amendment? There is not a Democrat that ever represented a Northern district that would have the effrontery to look his people in the face if he voted for a proposition like that. When, therefore, the enemies of the Democratic party go around telling you trash of that kind, you can set it down as a falsehood. When such assertions come from some little boss politician in a township, we can overlook them, because we know that such politicians are not acquainted with the constitution of their country and the laws under which we live; but when intelligent men assert such things I look upon them with astonishment, and feel, my fellow citizens, like the philosopher felt when on a certain occasion he saw the tail of a bull sticking through a knot-hole in the door of a tannery. There stood our philosophic friend looking intently at the caudal appendage, and directly the owner of the property came along and inquired of him what he was looking at. "Professor, what attracts your attention in this remarkable manner?" The philosopher, turning to his inquisitor, replied: "I have been to Mount Vesuvius and seen it throw out its liquid fire, burning and destroying everything it touched, and yet, upon scientific principles, I could account for that; I have passed through the mammoth cave of Kentucky and have admired the grandeur of its spacious rooms and its immense columns, and yet, upon scientific principles, I could account for that; I have stood before Niagara Falls and seen the waters rushing over, and the volumes of spray rising high up in the heavens, reflecting a diamond rainbow, and, on scientific principles, I could account for that also. But how in the h—l that bull jumped through that knot-hole, and left his tail standing behind him, is more than I can explain." [Loud laughter and applause.] I have sat in the halls of Congress, where these allegations have been made against these men, and in regard to which they spoke as bright as those made in the North, and have seen the gentlemen who are now making those speeches come over into Libby prison, where the rebel authorities held, by the arm, go down to the restaurant and take their dinners and their drinks together, and I could account for that; but when I hear intelligent men talk in the face of the intelligence of our country, assert such absurdities as this, I cannot account for it.

Another thing they assert and bear upon their banners as they parade the streets is this: "We vote as we shot." What do they mean by that? Why, the meaning is, that they try to make the soldiers believe that by voting the Democratic ticket they are doing wrong, and that because they shot at rebels they should vote against the Democratic party. Now, I appeal to you as soldier, fellow citizens, and I appeal to the records also to prove it if any man doubts my word—I appeal to you and ask you who have been the true friends of the soldiers? Have they been the Republican party—those men who for the sake of keeping themselves in office will get men to bear banners and aggravate them against the people of the South. When the bill was before them at $8.33 a month was passed by Congress, who was it vetoed that bill? It was Gen. Grant, the Republican President of the United States, and he put it upon the ground that they could not spare the money to pay these bounties, for if they did they could not pay the interest on the bonds that were held in the country, and that is true. That is history, and that you will find in the *Congressional Record*. You will find it upon the records of your country that the bill was vetoed by Grant, and that at the same time that he vetoed it he approved a bill which increased the pay of members of Congress and Judges of the Supreme Court, and raised his own salary from $25,000 to $50,000 a year.

Who was it, fellow citizens, that passed the arrears of pension bill? Was it the Republican party? Didn't they wait until the Democrats got a majority in Congress, and wasn't it the Democratic members of Congress that passed the arrears of pension bill? Is it not undoubtedly true? Who, then, have been your friends? Why the very men you are now asked to malign. You are asked to believe a statement that has been made, in a correspondent from a neighboring town that I have been presenting bad claims—claims that have no merit in them—and they are trying to repeat that statement here. What I became interested in a soldier when I entered Congress, and presented his claims before the Pension Department, and his pension was passed his bills through Congress. This is an insult to the soldiers, and I know that the courage that took you to the battle-field and made you steep in the swamps of Virginia and Tennessee, and on the Rappahannock and Potomac, will resent the insult when they tell you that your claims are not meritorious and that they ought not to be allowed. There are soldiers throughout this county, and some in this very neighborhood, and who are probably here to-night, who know that I came to their relief when others failed. I say it to you through my exertions that they now have bread to put into the mouth of their families. And yet you go around and say "Oh, don't vote for him; you voted with the Democrats." Soldiers, it is with you to say whether you will turn your backs against the man who defends you in the halls of Congress, and who stood by you on the battle-field, or to serve as God lives justice shall be done you.

Now, what next? They get out a circular in which they make up my name and say that the Democrats are not making any appropriations to pay pensions, and that that is the cause of the delay. That is a most infamous lie, too. I have in my possession letters addressed to me from the Secretary of the Treasury, John Sherman, and I want to read from this official circular. Here it is shown that the Democrats are doing it by making appropriations. The Democratic party came into power after the appropriations had been made for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1876. That year, the last year the Republican party was in power, they appropriated thirty millions of dollars. Now, $56,000,000 was the appropriation for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1880, when the Democratic party had both branches of Congress, they appropriated $56,223,290,—being twenty-six millions of dollars more than the Republicans in the Republicans in their last or any preceding year. It is proper to say here that the arrears of pensions increased the appropriations of money that was to be paid for that year. In the Congress that adjourned on the 16th of June last, we made an appropriation to pay pensions until the 30th day of June. Appropriations are always made one year in advance. The Democratic Congress—both branches of this rebel Congress that they have talked so much about, and where those rebels are all in who they say are going to destroy the government and who dislike and hate the soldiers of the Union,—that Congress appropriated $56,000,000 for pensions for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1880. More than eleven millions of dollars in excess of what was appropriated by any Republican Congress while they had the majority there. Now, fellow citizens, when they send these circulars to you, refer them to the financial statement sent out by John Sherman, which every member of Congress got, and consider it only fit out every month, and this being the July statement all the appropriations for the present year have been put in this circular.

Now let me tell you what else the Democrats have done for the soldiers. They have not taken any money out of the treasury for this that should have been used or was to be used for any other purpose. They have cut down expenses and have economized, as is shown by this same circular. Taking the average of the four years preceding the time the Democrats came into power and the Republican party, appropriated $322,000,000, which was squandered among the thieves and scoundrels who infested the White House, the Halls of Congress and the different Departments of the Government. If I had time I could take it up item by item. If the Democrats in the last four years appropriated five hundred and forty-six millions, they have saved to the Government more than two hundred and $22,674,000 that they appropriated for pensions more than the Republicans did during the preceding four years, showing that for the last four years, while the Democrats in Congress, which was supposed by Republicans to be extravagant, they have saved in the appropriations, over one hundred and five millions of dollars; and our government runs on, it having appropriated for the current fiscal year but fifty millions. But the Democrats have economized and have cut down the steelings that have occurred in the country under former administrations. If there is a Republican who desires to see this statement I will show it to him with the greatest of pleasure, and I will get him one, so that when he goes on the stump he may tell the truth to the people, and not say the Democrats are trying to destroy this Government. The Democrats don't want to destroy this government. Why, fellow citizens, we are all living upon it. You and I have our homes here, and we are as much interested in the perpetuity and success of this government as any Republican ever can be. We desire to preserve our government, and any man who loves his country will stand by it. And it is not for Republicans—and I say it in kindness—to assert that they are the *sole* guardians of this government. We are as much interested in it as you are. You take your places in society and we take our places in society, and we all desire a good government. We desire that peace and prosperity shall reign throughout this land, and that there may be no bickerings between the different sections. We want this to be the mightiest and greatest government that exists on God's green earth. We are all interested in this, and we want harmony; we want to see this government a universal brotherhood; we wish to know no sections, and to march on in prosperity, increasing the volume of our population until we shall become mightier than any other nation that the world contains or ever did contain.

You can see the argument that our adversaries resort to. If you take up the Republican papers you will see that they are getting mad at the Southern women because they get more babies than the Northern women. They say the Southern population is a fraud—that they have not got that many—that there are too many babies, and therefore they are getting mad about that. Well, my fellow citizens, "let 'em rip," as the fellow says. There is no danger. When Gen. Hancock becomes President of the United States there will be no danger of this government ever suffering. The way he defended it during the civil war is a guarantee of that. On the day when the fate of Gettysburg was pending—when the rebels had concentrated all their guns against the columns on Cemetery Hill and Round Top—when the troops commanded by Hancock were behind encouraged under that terrific fire—it was Gen. Hancock that rode in front of his soldiers, cheering them on until the moment that he should give the command, when they drove back the rebel General, Longstreet, and gained the victory for the North in that memorable conflict. It was then, when he lay there wounded on the ground, upon the field, that he said to Col. Mitchell, his aid, "Tell Gen. Meade that my troops have repulsed the enemy in front, that victory is our's. They are flying from the field!"

My eloquent and learned friend has shown you how Gen. Garfield attempted to tarnish the fair name of this brave and superb soldier; but you may tell Gen. Garfield that now our troops are repulsing the enemy, and that victory must and will be our's. And so I bid you all good night.

ORIGINAL CAMPAIGN SONGS.

CARRY HIM UP TO THE OLD WHITE HOUSE.

AIR—"*Oh! Carry Me Back to Old Virginny.*"

Fling out, fling out, with song and shout,
Your banner to the breeze,
And let no ruthless arms stretch out
Your flag to seize.
It bears upon each fleecy fold
Your glorious leader's name,
Who neither has been bought nor sold,
Nor bears the brand of shame.

Chorus.—Hurrah! hurrah! for brave Hancock:
We'll give him three cheers more,
And carry him up to the old White House,
By fair Potomac's shore.

The Keystone gives her noblest "peer,"
And so does Hoosierdum,
While the Buckeye gives her "Mobiller,"
And the Empire her "Hooflum."
While "Rollifornia" and "Suthern Illinois"
Have both been bought and sold,
No poll, however great the sum,
Could the noble Hancock hold.

Chorus.—Hurrah! hurrah! for brave Hancock:
We'll give him three cheers more,
And carry him up to the old White House,
By fair Potomac's shore.

We know no South, we know no North,
We know no East nor West,
But go for the whole United States,
The land we love the best.
Then down with bloody shirted rag,
The bleared emblem of hate,
And up with the starry spangled flag—
Emblem of all that's great.

Chorus.—Hezza! hurra! for brave Hancock!
We'll give him three cheers more,
And carry him up to the old White House,
By fair Potomac's shore.

Then let your party's honored sheen
Float from the tapering lead high,
Which to your will bring a scene
Of brighter days gone by.
Let the Hancock shout go ringing on,
From Maine to Texas' strand,
Where'er there beats a freeman's heart
For his whole, his native land.

Chorus.—Then hip, hurrah! for brave Hancock;
We'll give him three cheers more,
And carry him up to the old White House,
By fair Potomac's shore.

FIRM BY YOUR LEADER STAND.

AIR—"*Hail to the Chief.*"

Hurrah for Hancock! our great chieftain leader—
The man of our choice and the pride of our State—
Who in the darkest day of dread trial freed her
From an impending and horrible fate.
Then firm by your leader stand,
The noblest of that gallant band [Carlisle;
Who saved from the fierce Chambersburg and
Who Longstreet's bold marauders braved,
And by their noble valor
Our State and its cities from fire and spoil.

Now since the storm of contention is ended,
And no longer is heard the dread thunder of war,
When the fierce flashing eyes of the hosts that contended
Is no more bright and no more,
In union are met for one national star,
Who joy in its wondrous light,
Waving o'er the land so bright,
Will give to Hancock, who has freshened its blaze,
All that to him is due,
And they will put him through,
And send the new administration Hayes and
Beyond the gate.

Talking about boats: Do you know where the best in the market are to be found? We answer—at S. Hunsenthal's, 119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona. His stock of Fall and Winter clothing is large and very cheap. Attention is directed to some new and elegant styles for ladies' and misses' wear just received.

I know he's a bachelor, a horrid grumpy thing,
A nasty, spiteful, cross-grained, ugly fright!
I wish, John, that such callers to your wife you
would not bring.
You don't, eh? Why do I do it's not right.
Why do I think him single? Oh, John, I'll have a fit.
Did you not hear, you stupid, you? He called dear baby "it."

Two classes of callers are never relished by the gudewife. One is him who calls the baby anything else than a sweety little darling, and the other is that many, many-one or otherwise, who hasn't enough respect for himself to wear a nice-fitting and neat out of clothing—such as one, for instance, as can always be bought at lowest prices from Jas. J. Murphy, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown. His stock for the present season cannot be excelled in Cambria county.

Fall has come, with peaches luscious;
Sausages sweet on all the twigs.
Through the field the swine are roaming:
Some are hogs and some are pigs.

After pondering over the manifold beauties of the foregoing verse for an hour, more or less, you will be in proper mood to think about something else. Maybe you can bring yourself to speculate on how Godfrey Wolff, next door to the postoffice, Altoona, is able to sell ready-made clothing twenty per cent. cheaper than any other dealer, and yet keep out of the Sheriff's hands. We can tell you. He watches the markets closely and buys on a fall, and, buying large invoices at a time, is thereby given the advantage of very large discounts. In addition to selling cheaper than anybody else, he guarantees satisfaction in all cases. The celebrated Rochester clothing a specialty.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is a remarkable remedy for all those painful complaints and weaknesses so common to our best female population. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets. [9-10-2t.]

For Grown PERSONS or the Youngest CHILDREN, use the old and safe

OSTRICH FEATHERS.

Whence comes the enormous quantity of ostrich feathers which are required for all the hats and bonnets which are adorned with such plumage? In the days of our grandmothers, when these feathers were only worn as court plumes, and by ladies in their hair in full dress, or perhaps occasionally in their bonnets, the demand for them was but small, and the chase of the wild bird would enable the Arab or native trader to supply the European market with the quantity required. But now, when every hat and bonnet must have this ornament, the case is different, and though it is true that the commoner kind of feathers are not really ostrich, or are merely the refuse of the market, the question remains to be answered, Whence do all these feathers come?

Africa is the continent of the ostrich. It frequents its sandy deserts as well as those of Arabia in Asia, and is so swift in its movements that its chase is a difficult pursuit. But man will not be baffled when love of gain is his incentive, and to meet the demand for ostrich feathers, ostrich farms have been established, which at present yield large returns. What they will do when the wheel of fashion is reversed remains to be seen.

There is a large ostrich farm about fifteen miles from Grahamstown, South Africa, and as it is the most successful of those established in the colony, we will inquire how the business is carried on.

This farm occupies about twelve hundred acres of rough land, worn out for sheep feeding, but it is quite good enough for ostriches. The birds number about three hundred. The farm is divided into paddocks, in each of which are three full-grown birds; the young ones, and they do not come to maturity till they are three years old, run in flocks of thirty or forty each. They are hardy creatures, can stand both heat and cold, and require no delicate feeding.

But yet ostrich farming is a precarious venture. Each full-grown bird is worth about £75, so there is risk of great loss; the birds injure their feathers by sitting, and there is great uncertainty as to the number of birds that will be produced, and danger to the young bird when hatched. To obviate the latter chances, a machine, improperly called an incubator—for it is a substitute for incubation—has been invented.

The birds are watched, and their eggs, when laid, are brought to the machine. This is a low piece of deal furniture, perhaps eight or nine feet long. At each end there are two drawers into which, to the number, perhaps, of fifteen, the eggs are laid with a certain apparatus of flannel. Over the drawers and along the whole top of the machine there is a tank filled with hot water, and the drawer, when filled up, so as to bring the side of the egg into contact with the bottom of the tank. Below the machine, in the middle, are lamps to maintain the necessary heat. At the end of six weeks the birds are brought out.

All this seems simple, and yet as nature must be exactly imitated to ensure success, it is very anxious work. The ostrich frequently turns her eggs, and three times a day the ostrich farmer must do the same. There is a natural moisture from the sitting bird, and if this moisture is not obtained the yolk of the egg becomes glue. Then, when the young bird is about to be hatched, he must be helped in opening the shell. These baby birds are supposed to be worth about £10 each, but as they cannot run about and feel themselves like our young ducks, they still require a great deal of care at the hands of their foster parent.

The birds are plucked when a year old, but it is not yet known for how many years the process may be continued. The feathers are sometimes cut, but this is less profitable, as the quill has less weight. As to the question of cruelty, it is said that the birds take very little notice of their plucking while it is going on.

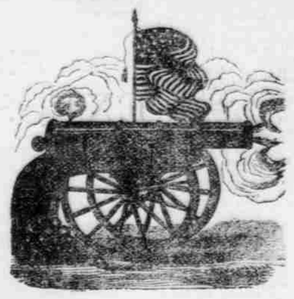
The feathers are sorted into various lots; the white plumage outside rim from under the bird's wing is by far the most valuable, the price being as high as £25 a pound.

RAISE MORE DUCKS.—I could never understand why our farmers through the State did not keep ducks; taking it as a matter of profit, they are more profitable than hens. It may be the impression that, in order to keep ducks, it is necessary to have a pond or stream of water close by, has deterred many from keeping them, but there is no need of anything of the kind. It is true that it is better to have a pond or stream, but you can raise ducks just as well elsewhere. I know of parties who are very successful in raising them; they have only a washtub set in the ground and filled from the pump occasionally; in fact, the trouble of raising ducks, and about the only one, is letting the young go into the water too soon after they leave the nest. When I speak of the profit from ducks, I do not have reference to the common ducks that we see every day. I mean a breed of ducks that will weigh twelve pounds to the pair, alive, such as the Rouen or Aylesbury, both excellent layers, and easily kept and reared, besides being large and excellent for the market, and costing no more to rear than the common ducks that will weigh eight pounds to the pair. The Rouen is a very handsome duck in plumage; the drake has a glossy green head and neck down to a white ring on his neck, and the lower part of his body is a beautiful green brown gray, and shaded with brown on the back. The duck is of a beautiful brown, with about every feather shaded on the outer edge with black. It is acknowledged to be the best of the varieties, laying very early and continuing through the season and late in the winter. The Aylesbury is pure white, both the duck and the drake, and about the same in size as the Rouen. Both become very familiar, and being very large and heavy, do not care to roam as much as the common kind.—*Maine Farmer.*

VALUE OF SWAMP MUCK.—Some time ago we remarked that an acre of swamp muck of good quality, three feet deep, was actually worth $25,000. No doubt such a statement is surprising. So was the statement of Dr. Lawes, of England, that a ton of bran fed to cows returned more than its cost in manure. Swamp muck, free from sand, contains two per cent. or forty pounds of nitrogen in a ton. Nitrogen is worth in the market twenty-five cents per pound, so that a ton of swamp muck is actually worth $10 for the nitrogen in it. All that is needed is to work up the muck, so as to make the nitrogen available.—An acre of swamp muck three feet deep contains 2,500 tons, and would require eight months to draw out, at ten loads a day. Few persons realize the value of the fertilizing elements of common waste matters which lie under their feet, and the innumerable tons of matter that may be available for fertilizing purposes, and that much of the idle and neglected materials represent a vast amount of wealth. —*American Agriculturist.*

A HINT FOR THE DAIRY.—In the principal dairy districts in France many of the dairymen milk their cows thrice daily. A French paper alluding to the disadvantage of the practice of milking but twice daily says: In an experiment with three milkings a day for eleven days a cow gave 170 quarts of milk. With two milkings the same cow gave only 146 quarts in the same number of days. Moreover analysis showed that the milk in the first case was richer in butter globules than that in the second case in the proportion of 4.1 to 3.5.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!



And Still Another Big Boom!

THIS TIME, HOWEVER,

THE BOOM INCLINES DOWNWARD

INSTEAD OF UPWARD!

Special LOW PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES!

No use talking about it, we have the goods and must get rid of them, even though we should lose money in the operation. That means that we have an overstock of

Ladies' Fine Shoes and Gaiters,

Men's Heavy Shoes,

AND MISSES', YOUTHS', CHILDREN'S AND INFANTS' SHOES,

all styles, sizes and qualities, and that we must close out the entire assortment before the our new stock arrives, which will be about the 1st of September. Hence we have determined for the NEXT FORTY DAYS to offer

Shoes at Greatly Reduced Prices!

Our prices now are acknowledged to be much lower than anywhere else, so that the special prices we offer to buyers at this time affords everybody a chance to get

BETTER BARGAINS IN SHOES

than ever before dreamed of in their philosophy. It will pay you, then, to buy your shoes now, even if you do not wear them for the next six months, as it is a fact of which all should be aware that boots and shoes will be higher next winter than they are now; therefore our loss will be your gain. The only purpose we have in reducing prices beyond all precedent is to

MAKE ROOM FOR OUR NEW STOCK,

which has already been ordered. So if you are open for a bargain now is the time and our store the place to get more and better goods for your money than will probably ever again have a chance to enjoy. We also have some bargains in

DRY GOODS, REMNANTS OF CALICO, SHORT PIECES OF DRESS GOODS,

&c., &c., which we must and will sell regardless of what they cost us. In addition to all these extraordinary bargains and many more in other departments, we have the largest, most select and certainty the finest and best assortment of

Ready-Made Clothing!

in Ebensburg, and are prepared at all times to furnish either full or partial suits of wearing apparel for men or boys at lower prices than goods of like quality can be purchased at any other establishment. More than that, we have special bargains in seasonable clothing just now for everybody who wants to dress well at a very small outlay.

CALL AND EXAMINE OUR GOODS AND LEARN OUR PRICES!

AND YOU WILL FIND THAT WE MEAN EXACTLY WHAT WE SAY.

V. S. Barker & Brother,

EBENSBURG, PA.

STILL LATER AND BETTER!

NEW SUMMER GOODS

IN GREAT PROFUSION AT

FREIDHOFF'S CHEAP STORE!

While so many are looking forward to the coming Presidential election in hopes of being the lucky man, the subscriber has concluded to remain in the mercantile business and give it his undivided attention by supplying his friends and the public generally with ALL KIND OF GOODS

AT PRICES SO LOW

THAT NONE CAN OR DARE COMPETE WITH HIM.

Buyers will always find a full and elegant stock of everything to be found in a general store, comprising a complete line of

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS,

Boots, Shoes, Groceries Hardware, Tinware,

Queensware, Glassware, Woodenware, Cigars, Tobacco, Canned Goods, &c., &c.

Also, FLOUR, CORN MEAL, FISH, SALT by the bushel and barrel, DRUGS, NAILS GLASS, PUTTY, BRUSHES, BROOMS, &c. I have likewise added to my stock

BIRD'S PATENT CORN SHELLER,

which will be sold at the remarkable low price of 50 cents each. Also for sale, the

BEST AND QUICKEST BUTTER-PRODUCING CHURN EVER INVENTED.

☞ A large increase of business has necessitated the enlargement of my store-room and the erection of an additional wareroom, and still my establishment is literally crowded with choice goods and eager seekers after bargains. Still being determined to accommodate all who come, and especially my friends from the country, to whom the highest price in trade will be paid for all kind of produce, I have thrown open my large and commodious stable for the free use of all who may wish to put up their stock. Thankful for past favors and hopeful for many future ones I remain as ever,

N. J. FREIDHOFF.

High Street, Ebensburg, March, 1880.

GEO. W. YEAGER,

—CASH DEALER IN ALL KIND OF—

HEATING and COOKING STOVES

—AND MANUFACTURER OF—

TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.

☞ CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kind promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-21,'79.—tf.]

STILL HOLDING THE FORT!

THE NEW STORE BUILDING OF

S. TEITELBAUM, Carrolltown, Pa.,

HAS JUST BEEN OPENED WITH A SPLENDID STOCK OF

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

And a cordial invitation is now extended by the proprietor to every reader of the FREEMAN to call and see the large assortment, examine the various qualities, and learn the unsurpassable prices, which are so low that 20 per cent. can positively be saved by those who buy their goods from me. The reason I can sell so cheap is that I bought my entire stock for cash and intend to sell for cash or its equivalent, and am therefore prepared to make quick sales at smaller profits than any other merchant in Cambria county. Don't take my word for this, however, but come and see for yourselves.

CARROLLTOWN, MAY 21, 1880.-tf. S. TEITELBAUM.

KIDNEY DISEASES, CONSTIPATION AND PILES.

are quickly and surely cured by the use of KIDNEY-WORT. This new and wonderful remedy which is having such an immense sale in all parts of the country, works on natural principles. It restores strength and tone to the diseased organs, and through them cleanses the system of accumulated and poisonous humors. Kidney diseases of thirty years standing have been cured, also Piles, Constipation, Rheumatism, &c., which have distressed the victims for years. We have volumes of testimony of its wonderful curative power. No longer use Alcholic Bitters, which do more harm than good, or drastic pills, but use nature's remedy, KIDNEY-WORT, and health will be quickly regained. Get it of your Druggist, Price, $1. (Will send post paid.) WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop'rs, Burlington, Vt.

THE MYSTERIES OF FIRES.

SOME REMARKABLE CASES OF SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

A remarkable article from the pen of Professor Weissman appears in the latest issue of Siebold & Kolliker's "Zietschrift," published in Leipsic. The savant deals with the interesting topic of spontaneous combustion, and suggests a theory to account for the destructive and extensive forest fires that almost yearly work such havoc with the sylvan forests of America. Professor Weissman is of the opinion that some dewdrops clinging to the leaf of a tree or plant acts as a double convex lens, and brings the sun's rays to a focus on some dry, inflammable substance, which must be at the exact distance from the dewdrop lens as to correspond with its sphere of curvature.

Many a hundred fires every year remained unexplained, even after the most thorough and exhaustive investigation. "Among all the wonderful phenomena which chemistry presents to us," writes Professor Weissman, "there are few more remarkable than those of the spontaneous combustion of bodies, animate and inanimate, which emit flames, and are sometimes entirely consumed by internal fire." Among the substances subject to spontaneous combustion pulverized charcoal is one of the most remarkable. "A load of charcoal was delivered in an outhouse of a clergyman in Leipsic, and showed no signs of taking fire till the door by accident was left open, when the wind blew sprinklings of snow on the charcoal. The rapid absorbation of oxygen from the melting snow caused the charcoal to ignite, and as the day was windy the whole range of buildings were burned to ashes." In this connection, a fruitful and unsuspecting source of fire suggests itself to those of our American house-keepers who burn wood as fuel and who store the ashes in boxes or barrels. The accidental distributing of such ashes even after years, will cause them to ignite, provided the air is damp or foggy. The phosphuret of potash from decayed wood renders wood ashes highly inflammable, and mysterious cellar fires in the rural district are, no doubt, in some cases caused by this extraordinary form of spontaneous combustion.

Professor Weissman himself had the unfortunate experience of being burned out of house and home on a wild winter night some three years since, and he has diligently collected facts about the spontaneous combustion. It appears that he had been having his house painted, and one night the painters, as their manner is, left their working pants, their pots and their brushes on the asphaltum floor of the cellar. They had previously, with a bunch of rags, removed from their hands, with spirits of turpentine, the paint with which their hands were soiled. The ball of rags took fire, the pants and paint pots followed suit, and the house was burned to the ground.

In the carriage factory of Messrs. Eaton & Gilbert, Troy, N. Y., a drop of linseed oil fell into an open paper of lampblack, set it on fire and came within an ace of burning down the whole great factory.

In several instances oilcloth in large rolls has taken fire in damp, muggy weather. An instance of this also occurs in American fire experience. A planter in Virginia sent his servant to Fredericksburg for a roll of oilcloth. It was a warm day and the wagon was open. During the journey home it began to rain, and the roll of oilcloth took fire on the road. Another instance of this kind is supplied by Philadelphia during the war. An order from the war department in Washington for knapsacks for a regiment was filled in the city of brotherly love. The sacks were all finished and collected, and counted over and left in a pile in the paint shop, about ten o'clock on Saturday night, so as to be sent to Washington by cars early on Monday morning. On entering the paint shop before daylight on Monday morning no knapsacks were to be found. In their place was nothing but a heap of smouldering ashes!

Newly pressed hay frequently ignites, as do also oatmeal and cornmeal in barrels. During the famine in Ireland in 1844–48 a vessel was despatched from New York with a cargo of corn meal for the relief of the sufferers. In discharging the bags from the vessel the last three were found to be on fire.

The *American Journal of Science* gives a remarkable instance of the spontaneous combustion of wood. A Mr. Adam Reigart, two years previous to the occurance, received a piece of wood, supposed to be cedar, detached from a large piece dug up 30 feet below the surface near Lancaster, Pa. The piece weighed a few ounces, and it was broken in two and laid upon a white pine shelf in Mr. Reigart's counting room. About four days before the discovery of the fire he had occasion to wipe the dust from the shelf and from the piece of cedar with a wet cloth. Three days afterward it was discovered that the piece of wood had ignited, and combustion was proceeding so rapidly that in a few minutes the shelf would have been on fire.

Probably another prolific source of our forest fires is to be sought in the liability of decayed wood, not only to spontaneous combustion, but from the direct rays of the sun. At Winchester, Conn., some years since, some workmen about 1 P. M., on August 5, discovered smoke arising from a barren upland. The sun was excessively hot at that time. When they went to seek the origin of the smoke, they found that the remains of an old decayed hemlock log had burst into a blaze and was burning fiercely.

Professor Weissman relates several well authenticated cases in which bulbous vessels, hyacinth glasses, wine decanters on shelves, by receiving the direct rays of the sun from an open window, have caused serious conflagrations. In the township of Boscawin, Merrimac county, N. H., it is related a shelf was set on fire in a hotel by means of a pear-shaped decanter containing gin. Any other transparent liquid would be, of course, equally dangerous if exposed to the sun.

"That animal bodies are liable to spontaneous combustion," says Professor Weissman, "is a fact which was well known to the ancients. Many cases have been adduced as examples, which were no doubt merely cases of individuals who were highly susceptible to strong electrical excitation." A certain gentleman, known to the professor, on a cold, keen winter night, retired to his chilly sleeping room. He had worn silk stockings over woolen ones during the day. On undressing for bed, as he drew off his silk stockings, he heard a sharp, crackling noise, but paid no special attention to it. In the morning, in looking for his silk stockings, he found them consumed to ashes, without setting fire to the chair on which they were laid. Still more wonderful and awful is the assurance that the wife of Doctor Treilas, physician to the late Archbishop of Toledo, Spain, emitted inflammable perspiration of such a nature that when the ribbon she wore was taken from her and exposed to the cold air it instantly took fire, and flashed with sparks of fire like a lively "Roman Candle." And Professor Halfmeister, in the "Berlin Transactions," 1676, records a case of the same nature respecting a peasant, whose linen took fire whether it was laid up in a box, when wet, or hung up in the open air. A case of this kind recently occurred at the abattoir in Jersey City. During a spell of hot weather one of the workmen threw off his blue linen blouse, smoking with perspiration. It was hung up in the icehouse. In a few minutes it burst into a corruscation of sparks and literally consumed itself.

One of the most remarkable cases of spontaneous combustion on record is that of the Countess Cornelia Zangari and Bondi, of Cesena, Italy. This lady, who was in the sixty-second year of her age, retired to bed in her usual health. Here she spent about three hours in familiar conversation with her maid, and in saying her prayers, and having at last fallen asleep, the door of her chamber was shut. As her maid was not summoned at the usual hour, she went into the bedroom to wake her mistress, but receiving no answer she opened the window and saw her corpse on the floor in the most dreadful condition. At the distance of four feet from the bed there was a heap of ashes; part of the body was half burnt, the stockings remaining uninjured; most of the body was reduced to ashes. The air in the room was charged with floating soot (animal carbon). The bed was not injured. From an examination of all the circumstances of the case, it has been generally supposed that an internal combustion had taken place; that the lady had risen from her bed to cool herself, and that on the way to open the window, the combustion had overpowed her and consumed her body by a process in which no flame was produced which could ignite the furniture on the floor.

DO TREES FALL BEFORE A STORM?—It is a matter of common observance that trees and their branches fall during the prevalence of storms and from perfectly obvious causes. But close observers among those familiar with the woods will tell you that oftentimes these things occur just before a severe storm, and are the sign or forerunner of its approach. This phenomenon was witnessed by a farmer of Oswego town while on his way last Sunday to attend divine service at the Thompson school house, who observed a large limb break and fall off from a tree by the roadside. There was no wind stirring at the time, and no apparent cause for the phenomenon. He says that he then made up his mind that a severe storm was close at hand. He recalled the circumstance that at Hannibal a year ago, during the campmeeting service, a large beech tree fell upon the campmeeting tent at a time when, happily, the congregation was outside and only a small child was in the tent asleep. The child was not only not injured, but not even awakened. There was no wind at the time; in fact the atmosphere was unusually still. There was no apparent cause for the fall of the tree; but a heavy storm followed shortly after, as Monday's storm succeeded the intense heat and quiet of the day before. The falling of the tree and the apparently almost miraculous escape of the congregation were the occasion of much speculation, and the incident was quickly seized and forcibly used by the exhorter to illustrate the protecting care of Heaven. The farmer of whom we speak also says that for many years he has observed similar incidents of falling limbs and trees in the stillness which so generally precedes great storms of rain or wind. The relator is a more than ordinarily close observer of things.—*Oswego (N. Y.) Times.*

TO CURE COLDS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION IN CATTLE.—The first attempt should be to remove the cause, by giving to the animal a warm cordial drink, which, acting as a stimulant on the stomach and intestines, will give fresh motion to these parts, and enable nature to resume her former course.

Take of sweet fennel seeds and cummin seeds, each two ounces, in powder; long peper, turmeric, ginger, each one ounce, in powder. MIX for one drink.

The method of giving this drink is as follows: Put it into a pitcher with two ounces of fresh butter and two tablespoonsful of treacle or coarse sugar; then pour one quart of boiling ale upon the whole; cover them down till new milk warm, and then give the drink to the beast.

In two hours after giving the drink let the animal have a good mash made of scalded bran, or ground malt, with a handful or two of ground oats or barley meal added to it, and warm water that day. In slight colds, during the summer, these drinks may be given to cattle while in their pasture, and, where it can be made conveniently, let them fast two hours after, and then graze as usual. It is also necessary to examine the sick animals every day, to watch them while they both dung and stale, and see whether the body be of a proper heat and the nose or muzzle of a natural breeze.

If these be regular there is not much danger. If, however, feverish symptoms should appear (which frequently happens), the animal will become costive. In such cases give the following purging drink: Take of Glauber salts, one pound; ginger in powder, two ounces; treacle, four ounces. Put all the ingredients into a pitcher and pour three pints of boiling water upon them. When new-milk warm give the whole for one dose.

BUTTER MILK AS SUMMER FOOD, DRINK, AND MEDICINE.—A Detroit physician asserts that for a hot weather drink nothing equals buttermilk. It is, he says, "both drink and food, and for the laborer is the best known. It supports the system, and even in fever will cool the stomach admirably. It is also a most valuable domestic remedy. It will cure dysentery as well and more quickly than any other remedy known. Dysentery is really a constipation, and is the opposite of diarrhœa. It is inflammation of the bowels with congestion of the 'portal circulation'—the circulation of blood through the bowels and liver. It is a disease always prevalent in the summer and autumn. From considerable observation I feel warranted in saying that buttermilk, drank moderately, will cure every case of it—certainly when taken in the early stages."

J. W. SHARBAUGH & BRO.,

—DEALERS IN—

Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, CLOTHING, NOTIONS, GROCERIES, &c.,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

NEW GOODS RECEIV'D WEEKLY AND ALWAYS SOLD AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICES.

☞ CASH PAID FOR COUNTRY PRODUCE when Goods are not desired.

J. W. SHARBAUGH & BRO.

Carrolltown, March 19 1880.-tf.

SMOKE THE

Little Builder Cigar,

One Hundred for $2.00;

GATLING GUN.....$2.00;

HUMPTY DUMPTY, 2.25;

Other Brands from $2.50 up.

Delivered to any address in the U. S., post-paid, on receipt of price.

M. J. DOUGHERTY,

12-12 Sole Man'fr, 434 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

F. A. SHOEMAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg. Office on High street, east end of residence. [1-21,'76.-tf.]

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [8-27,'79.]

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM.

OF LYNN, MASS.

DISCOVERER OF

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure

For all Female Complaints.

This preparation, as its name signifies, consists of Vegetable Properties that are harmless to the most delicate invalid. Upon one trial the merits of this Compound will be recognized, as relief is immediate; and when its use is continued, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, a permanent cure is effected, as thousands will testify. On account of its proven merits, it is to-day recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country.

It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

In fact it has proved to be the greatest and best remedy that has ever been discovered. It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1.00. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of Lozenges, on receipt of price, $1.00, per box, for either. Mrs. PINKHAM freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ For sale by GEO. A. KELLY & Co., General Agents, Pittsburgh, Pa., and Dr. WM. LEMMON, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa. [7-2,'80.-1y.]

KIDNEY-WORT

THE ONLY MEDICINE

That Acts at the Same Time on

THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, and the KIDNEYS.

These great organs are the natural cleansers of the blood, and if they become clogged, or sluggish in their action, poisonous humors are sure to follow with

TERRIBLE SUFFERING.

Biliousness, Headache, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Constipation and Piles, or Kidney Complaints, Gravel, Diabetes, Sediment in the Urine, Milky or Ropy Urine or Rheumatic Pains and Aches,

are developed because the blood is poisoned by the humors that should have been expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT

will restore the healthy action and all these sickening pains will be banished as if by magic. Thousands testify to this. Why suffer longer from the torment of an aching back?

Why bear such distress from Constipation and Piles? Why be so fearful because of disordered urine?

KIDNEY-WORT will cure you. Try a package at once and be satisfied.

It is a dry vegetable compound and

One Package makes six quarts of Medicine.

Your Druggist has it, or will get it for you. Insist upon having it. Price, $1.00.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP!

40 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

Pronounced by all to be the most PLEASANT and EFFICACIOUS remedy now in use for the CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, hoarseness, tickling sensation of the throat, whooping cough, etc. OVER A MILLION BOTTLES SOLD WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS. It gives relief wherever used, and has the power to impart benefit that CANNOT be had from the cough mixtures now in use. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per bottle.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS are also highly recommended for curing liver complaint constipation, sick-headaches, fever and ague, and all diseases of the stomach and liver. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per box.

R. E. Sellers & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

October 24, 1879.-1y.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Though Shaking Like an Aspen Leaf

With the chills and fever, the victim of malaria may still recover by using this celebrated specific, which not only breaks up the most aggravated attacks, but prevents their recurrence. It is infinitely preferable to quinine, not only because it does the business far more thoroughly, but also on account of its perfect wholesomeness and invigorating action upon the entire system.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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☞ All persons needing dental work will do well to give me a call, as I am prepared to furnish full or partial sets of teeth and perform all other operations pertaining to my profession in a satisfactory manner and at the lowest possible prices.

[5-21,'80.-1f.] M. R. B. CREERY, D. D. S.

DR. M. J. BUCK, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, ALTOONA, PA.

Office and residence on Fourteenth street, near Eleventh avenue, where night calls can be made. Office hours from 8 to 10, A. M., and from 2 to 4 and 6 to 8, P. M. Special attention paid to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, as well as to Surgical Operations of every description. [4-19.-tf.]

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WARNER'S SAFE REMEDIES

Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

(Formerly Dr. Craig's Kidney Cure.)

A vegetable preparation and the **only sure remedy** in the world for **Bright's Disease, Diabetes, and ALL Kidney, Liver, and Urinary Diseases.**

☞ Testimonials of the highest order in proof of these statements.

☞ For the cure of **Diabetes,** call for **Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure.**

☞ For the cure of **Bright's** and the other diseases, call for **Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.**

WARNER'S SAFE BITTERS.

It is the best **Blood Purifier,** and stimulates every function to more healthful action, and is thus a benefit in all diseases.

It cures **Scrofulous** and other **Skin Eruptions** and diseases, including **Cancers, Ulcers,** and other **Sores.**

Dyspepsia, Weakness of the Stomach, Constipation, Dizziness, General Debility, etc., are cured by the **Safe Bitters.** It is unequaled as an appetizer and regulator.

Bottles of two sizes; prices, 50c. and $1.00.

WARNER'S SAFE NERVINE

Quickly gives **Rest** and **Sleep** to the suffering, cures **Headache** and **Neuralgia,** relieves **Epileptic Fits,** and relieves **Nervous Prostration** brought on by excessive drinks, overwork, mental shocks, and other causes.

Powerful as it is to stop pain and soothe disturbed Nerves, it never injures the system, whether taken in small or large doses.

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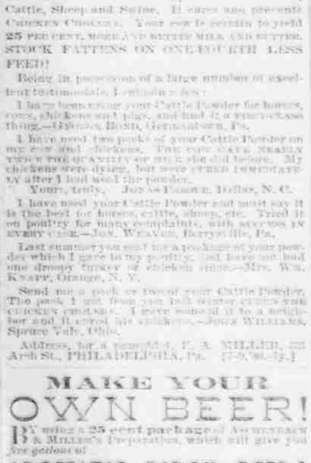
Are an immediate and active stimulant for a Torpid Liver, and relieve Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Bilious Disorders, Malaria, Fever and Ague, and should be used whenever the bowels require a gentle, but speedy and regular, movement. As other Pills require such large doses for the same work, Dyer 25 cts. a box. Warner's Safe Remedies are sold by Druggists & Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

H. H. WARNER & Co., Proprietors, ROCHESTER, N. Y. (Send for Pamphlet and Testimonials.)



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Is a sure cure for all ordinary diseases of Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Swine. It cures and prevents CHICKEN CHOLERA. Your cow is certain to yield 25 PER CENT. MORE AND BETTER MILK AND BUTTER. STOCK FATTENS ON ONE-FOURTH LESS FEED!

Being in possession of a large number of excellent testimonials, I refrain from publishing them.

I have been using your Cattle Powder for horses, cows, chickens and pigs, and find it a valuable remedy. Yours truly, JOHN BOWMAN, Bellefonte, Pa.

I have used two packs of your Cattle Powder on my cow and chickens. The cow gave nearly twice the quantity of milk she did before. My chickens were driven, but now they remain contented by all I can do to get the powder. Yours, truly, JOSIAH ELLIOTT, Dallas, N. C.

I have used your Cattle Powder and must say it is the best for horses, cattle, sheep, etc. Tried it in poultry and found it beneficial. Recommend it in every case.—JOS. WEAVER, Berrysville, Pa.

Last summer you sent me a package of your powder which I gave to my poultry, but have not had one drowsy turkey or chicken since.—MRS. WM. SCHAFFNER, Jr., Shamokin, Pa.

Send me a pack or two of your Cattle Powder. The pack I got from you last winter cured your CHICKEN CHOLERA. I have succeeded it to a neighbor, and he reports the same.—JOHN WILLIAMS, Spruce Vale, Ohio.

Address, for a pamphlet, P. A. MILLER, 434 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA, Pa. [7-9,'80.-1y.]

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By using a 25 cent package of Aschenbach & Miller's Preparation, which will give you five gallons of

AROMATIC BIRCH BEER!

Composed of roots and herbs that are specially healthful, giving tone and vigor to the system. It purifies the blood, prevents and cures Dyspepsia, Complaints, a Tonic, and a Blood Purifier. It is cooling and refreshing without being stimulating. Endorsed by the medical faculty. Sold by druggists.

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If your druggist does not keep it, or you happen to live in the country, and can have a package forwarded to you by express, send $1 to Aschenbach & Miller, proprietors, 51 & Callowhill Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

June 25, 1880.-3y.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

TRADE MARK. The Great Eng. TRADE MARK.

BEFORE TAKING. AFTER TAKING.

Dick Remedy. Is a safe and speedy cure for Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as a sequence of self-Abuse, as Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption. See pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to everyone. ☞ The Specific Medicine is sold by all Druggists at $1 per package or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

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PERSIAN INSECT POWDER!

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Roaches, ants, buzz, moths, garden worms, etc., fall victims to its deadly effects immediately upon coming in contact with it. It is truly the genuine Persian, the flowers being imported direct. Then ground and prepared at our laboratory under our own supervision, so that we can guarantee its absolute freedom from adulteration. Druggists and country storekeepers sell it. Wholesale Depot, N. W. Corner 3d and Callowhill Sts., Philadelphia.

July 9, 1880.-1y.

THE RATIONAL TREATMENT

Cures **Catarrh, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma** and **Consumption,** as well as **Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease, Womb Disease, Sexual Weakness** and **Nervous Exhaustion.** No patent medicine scheme; but remedies prescribed to suit each case.

Address H. LANDIS, M. D., Reading, Pa. Write your full name, P. O., State and Co., in plain hand.

DR. JONES' TARAXACANUM TONIC

or DYSPEPSIA REMEDY, a vegetable compound whose virtues has stood the test of 40 years, is infallible in the cure of Dyspepsia, (General Debility, Chronic Weakness of Lungs, Sick and Nervous Headache, Short Breath, Heartburn, St. Vitus' Dance, pains in the Stomach, Back and Chest. Particularly adapted to all Female Diseases, and makes it what the age of the patient may be. Price, 75 cts. Sold by Druggists. [7-9,'80.-1y.]

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☞ Office in building recently occupied by Dr. A. M. Kelly, on High street, west of Julian, and nearly opposite the Blair House. Night calls should be made at the office. [3-20, '80.-tf.]

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. [12-3,'79.-1y.*]

THE RATIONAL TREATMENT

Cures **Catarrh, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma** and **Consumption,** as well as **Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease, Womb Disease, Sexual Weakness** and **Nervous Exhaustion.** No patent medicine scheme; but remedies prescribed to suit each case.

Address H. LANDIS, M. D., Reading, Pa. Write your full name, P. O., State and Co., in plain hand.

A Little Farm well Tilled.

From the Springfield (Mass.) Union we take the following sensible article:

There has been